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HOW HE WAS CURED.

"**H**E ought to have me to deal with! I'd cure him! I could take my own part, anyway, and you never would do that, you know, you poor little pigeon! I'd give him reason to be jealous if I were his wife! He is too unreasonable, and foolish, and absurd, to be borne with, I do declare!"

"Just about this one thing, he is, I'll own, but in everything else he is absolutely perfect—humanly speaking. But then, he is not altogether to blame, either," the sweet, tremulous lips of the young wife went on, anxious to make excuses for her idol, even at her own expense. "For, somehow, appearances always seem to sustain him. I don't know how it is, but it does seem as though I am continually getting into disagreeable positions, lately, and, oh, dear! I do believe there is no such thing as real happiness in this whole world;" and the grieved and flushed face went down upon the lounge pillow, in a fit of unrestrained sobbing.

Grant Sherburne was the "he," and the "him," referred to in the above remarks, and although it was scarce a year since he had taken sweet Jessie Varney from the loving home circle, of which she was the pet and pride, to his own home among strangers, many hundreds of miles away, this was not the first time by more than one, that he had caused her bitter, scalding tears, by his cruel and unreasoning jealousy.

It was just as Jessie said. It did seem as though some evil influence were always on the watch, to seize every opportunity for placing her in some disagreeable and suspicious situation—suspicious, however, only to a mind ripe for mistrust, and ever ready to suspect wrong where none exists. For instance, one occasion she had been out riding alone, and her horse, usually gentle and kind, had become frightened and unmanageable, and she had gladly accepted the offer of a young gentleman friend of her husband's to drive her home. It was a woeful surprise to poor Jessie, when, instead of expressing pleasure at his friend's kindness, Grant frowned when she recounted the incident to him, and said, no doubt Ben Bowen was only too glad of the chance to ride with her, and he should not be surprised if he were to call around

soon, with his own horse and carriage and invite her to ride with *him*. Another time she had gone rowing with an acquaintance, when, quite unexpectedly to her, and rather to her annoyance, though from his extreme youth she had no thought of her husband's displeasure in consequence, the brother of the young lady accompanied them—very providentially, too, as it turned out, for the wind increased to such a degree, that with their own unaided efforts the two ladies could never have rowed home in the face of it. Notwithstanding this fact, Grant took occasion to say some very unkind things about her always having the good fortune to secure the company of some handsome young gallant, whenever she went out without him. Again, and it was this occasion, or the time immediately following it, which I have chosen as an introduction to my story, she had been out shopping, when a sudden shower caught her just as she had nearly reached home. The luckless and ever present Ben Bowen happening to meet her, turned and walked beside her, protecting her with his umbrella. As it was raining heavily when they reached the house, she could do no less than invite him in. Grant was almost insultingly cool to his friend, during his stay, and after his departure unmistakably so to his wife, not sparing her some very cutting flings, who suffered doubly now from the fact of her sister's presence, and her mortification that she should witness this exhibition of his "one weak point," as she charitably regarded it.

After Grant had gone out, which he did soon after, the elder sister, with a few shrewd questions, drew from the grieved young wife a confession of this one drawback to her wedded happiness, though she shielded him, and took just as much blame upon herself—her inexperience and thoughtlessness—as she possibly could, and ended, as we have seen, in a fit of crying.

Laura Wood's bright blue eyes grew brighter with angry tears. She was far from indorsing her sister's estimate of her husband's character. Setting jealousy aside, she considered him a good way from perfection, just then. In fact, she could not very well understand how any one could encourage so vile a passion of the mind as jealousy, without its being backed up by some other undesirable traits, but she

(177)

did not deem it either kind or judicious to say this to her sister, taking her recompense, however, for her forbearance, in unlimited condemnation of the one admitted fault.

"The best wish I can wish him," she said, at last, when Jessie's sobs had grown fainter and farther between, and her own indignation had correspondingly cooled, "the best wish I can wish for him, is, that he may be placed in some situation himself, so very peculiar and suspicious, that it will overtop everything that he chooses to consider so in your case."

"Oh, but he never will be," replied Jessie, sitting up and wiping her swollen eyes, while the sobs still came at intervals, like those of a grieved child. "He prides himself upon his circumspectness, and that is why he cannot understand how it is that others are drawn into false positions accidentally or unawares. When I tell him it was a mere chance, and that the same thing might have happened to any one else, he says it is very singular, then, that such accidents never happen to him, exposed as he is, and always has been, so much more than I am."

"Well, your immaculate people are caught sometimes, and his turn may come yet—I sincerely hope it may," returned her sister, and then the subject was dropped.

Well, Laura Wood got her wish at last, though not for more than a year, and not until poor Jessie had suffered so bitterly, that life seemed shorn of half its charms for her. She hardly ever went out, except in company with her husband, and then her manner had become shy and frightened to such an extent that people noticed and commented upon it; even Grant wondered what had changed her so. Her fresh and delicate beauty which had once been the source of so much innocent pride and satisfaction to herself and her friends, she grew to regret, exposing her, as it did, to the admiring glances and flattering attentions of gentlemen, and she even at times seriously meditated exposing herself to the small-pox, as a sure way of removing the main incentive to her husband's blind jealousy. So many times, during this period, in reply to her piteous plea that it was all an accident, that she was not to blame, had Grant used his stereotyped quelcher, "I'm not subject to such accidents! Why is it that I have always escaped?" that she dreaded to hear it repeated, and ceased, finally, to attempt excusing herself. But she sometimes remembered her sister's wish regarding him, and echoed it from the bottom of her heart. And they had it, as I said, and it came about in this way: It was over a year from her sister's visit, that Grant and Jessie set out to return it, and also to spend a few weeks at Jessie's old home. On the afternoon of the second day of their journey, which, by the way, was a long one—over a thousand miles—at one of the way-side stations, two ladies came on board the train, into the same car with them. They were both pretty, one, the younger, extremely so, and dressed in exquisite taste, and Jessie was surprised to notice that this one, as the two passed them, to find

a seat at the back of the car, colored with a quick conscious blush as her eye fell upon her husband, and that she bowed, though rather reservedly, and that he returned the greeting and with equal coolness.

"You know them? Who are they?" whispered Jessie, after they had passed.

He seemed annoyed, but answered: "The one with the blue veil, is a Miss Manners, or was, when I knew her—probably she is married before this time. She spent a few weeks in our place, visiting her cousins, the Whaleys."

"Oh!" said Jessie, twisting about to get another look at the lady's face, "is that she? No, she isn't married, I heard May Whaley speaking of her only a day or two ago. She's lovely, isn't she?"

Grant's only answer was a shrug and a "humph!" as he took a paper from his pocket and began to read.

Now Jessie had often heard this Mabel Manners spoken of; and it was known to her, also, that Grant had been very attentive to her, during that same visit to which he had referred—"Quite smitten, indeed," a gossiping friend had the goodness to inform her; but it is due to her to say, that not the smallest twinge of jealousy agitated her breast upon this account, either then or now. On the contrary, it would have suited her to see them more cordial, and to make the acquaintance of the lady herself. And although it was an unusual thing for her to attempt to direct his movements in the least degree, she did venture to say: "Oughtn't you to go and speak to her? It would be so pleasant to have their company, for awhile, and then we could tell the Whaleys that we met her."

"How do you know she wants to be bothered with us?" he replied, and went on with his reading.

Weary with her journey, Jessie arranged her shawl for a pillow, and spent the next hour in a succession of short naps, from the last of which she was awakened by the violent screeching of the whistle, a good deal of shaking up, and then a sudden stoppage, followed by a confusion of voices, opening of windows, and a hurrying about of the passengers.

"Oh, what is it?" she cried, clinging to her husband's arm.

"Nothing serious, I think," he replied, calmly. "We'd best be quiet where we are, and keep out of the way. We'll find out quite as soon, I dare say."

In a few moments the conductor came through, careless and smiling.

"There's nothing at all the matter," said he, "only a little delay, that's all. It might have been a good deal worse; but a miss is as good as a mile, if not better. We shall be delayed here perhaps half an hour, and then we'll be all right again."

"There!" said Grant to Jessie, "you can resume your nap, and not be annoyed by the motion of the car. It is rather kind of them to stop awhile, don't you think? As for me, I feel like stretching my limbs a little, and believe I shall take a run up that slope and see what I can find, new and strange."

Jessie begged him to come back quickly.

"It would be dreadful if you were left," she added, "for we seem to be in a veritable wilderness; and I almost know there are snakes up there, besides."

"Snakes! Nonsense!" was the laughing reply. "As for being left, I'm not going to sleep."

With an inward tremor, Jessie watched him spring up the bank, and then disappear among the trees and underbrush that covered the hill against which the train had stopped; and then—well, that was the last she saw of him for many anxious hours; for, the trifling damage being repaired in rather less than the allotted time, the whistle screamed, the bell rang and the conductor shouted, and still he did not appear. Jessie was nearly wild. So nearly, that she did not notice, for some little time, that there was another lady in the same car in quite as much trouble as herself, and for the same, or a similar reason. Finding that they were beginning to move, she flew frantically through the cars until she found the conductor. Clinging to his arm, she begged him to stop the train and wait a few minutes longer until her husband returned.

"Who is it that is left?" asked the conductor, looking rather bewildered.

"My husband!" wailed poor Jessie; and "My sister!" sobbed another woman, who Jessie now noticed was clasping his other arm, and whom she instantly recognized as the companion of Miss Manners.

The train was stopped, though the conductor was not at all gracious about it.

"I will wait until the half hour is up, and, at a pinch, I may wait five minutes over, and then I must go. The eastern express is waiting now at S—for me to meet it there."

Several ladies and gentlemen gathered about the two frightened women, eager with proffers of sympathy and comforting suggestions, and, neither last nor least, questions. Jessie, never forward to converse with strangers, left the other woman to do most of the talking; and though she was not conscious of the act of listening, so great was her agony of suspense at the time, she did catch snatches of what she was saying in explanation of her sister's absence.

"She would go." "I did my best to dissuade her." "She is just wild on natural history." "She would go to the moon if she could to get a new plant or a strange bug." "She said she knew there were ferns up that ravine—"

"Time's up!" said the conductor, reluctantly. "Ladies, I am sorry for you, but I can't wait any longer. We're about half way between two stations, and the down express waiting, as I said. But I will see the conductor of that train and get him to stop here and take your friends aboard, if they are here, and they can get off at the station back, and then come on from there on the next western-bound train. That's the best we can do now. They're all right, no doubt. You both go right on to your destinations, and they'll be there only a few hours behind you. Probably you'll get a telegram from them at C—."

The circle of listeners unanimously agreed with the conductor's decision, and several of them assured the two distressed women that there was not the slightest reason for alarm in the whole matter. Some of them even went so far as to look upon it as almost a joke. It was unpleasant, of course, and they were extremely sorry, and all that, but there was nothing to fret about. Oh, yes, without doubt, they would find telegrams awaiting them at C—, the next station but one ahead. No use to worry at all.

Who has not noticed and admired the cheerful fortitude with which such people habitually bear the troubles of others. They can eat, sleep, read, enjoy a pleasant landscape, a fine sunset, music, conversation, while some one at their very elbow, perhaps, less happily constituted—or is it more nearly touched by the catastrophe, whatever it may be?—is racked to the verge of madness with grief and terror.

Mutual distress made the two ladies friends; and though Jessie was not in a condition of mind to talk much, the other—Mrs. Shaw, she said, was her name—kept up an excited sort of monologue, without seeming to expect replies to most of her remarks.

"How fortunate that your husband is an old acquaintance of Mabel's! Of course they'll meet with each other, and he will know what is best to do—though, for that matter, Mabel is quite capable of taking care of herself under ordinary circumstances. But, dear me! this is not an ordinary circumstance at all—very extraordinary, certainly. It seems incredible that such a thing should happen to any of our family—people who have been about the world as much as we all have." And then, after a pause, "It is almost laughable! I'm sure if it were some one else, instead of my own sister, I should feel inclined to laugh." Another pause, and then, "You don't know what a comfort it is to know that Mabel is not alone in that howling wilderness, but that Mr. Sherburne is with her. Yes, I perfectly remember his name—have heard it frequently, though I never met him."

It was after a prolonged half-soliloquy of this kind, but little of which Jessie comprehended, and to none of which she replied, that all at once Mrs. Shaw caught her breath as with a sudden thought, seized Jessie's arm, and in a frightened whisper said: "You don't—suppose—it isn't possible—that they—that there—that it was—that there was an—understanding between—"

"No! it is not possible!" was Jessie's indignant reply, the blood mounting to her face in a crimson wave at the bare hint conveyed in her companion's unfinished question. "My husband is absolutely above suspicion," she added, coldly, the other continuing to stare at her, as though unable to withdraw her mind from this new solution of the puzzle. "My husband is absolutely above suspicion," repeated Jessie.

"Oh, certainly! Beg your pardon!" returned Mrs. Shaw, recollecting herself. "So I may say of my sister. I had not the slightest reason for the— the thought, only the strangeness of the whole thing

—and knowing that they were old—acquaintances; and Mabel is so very impulsive and headstrong—though she is truthful and honest as the day, always. No, I wronged them both with my momentary suspicion. But what could have kept them both?"

"I am convinced that nothing but a very serious accident could have kept my husband," said Jessie—she was sitting back in the corner of the seat, crying quietly—choking back her sobs, and forcing herself to speak calmly. "He is never careless, or rash, or forgetful. He has met with some accident—some foul play—been robbed, and maybe killed. I can think of nothing else. And it was cruel and selfish in me to come on without him. We ought both to have got off the train and sought them. I am so sorry I didn't. But I never thought until it was too late."

Poor Jessie! It was a night of keen anguish to her. At every station she insisted upon inquiring personally for a message, but none came from either of the missing ones. Sometimes she would determine to stop and go back on the first eastern-bound train, but was as often prevented by the conductor or some one to whom her trouble was known, they assuring her she would only complicate the difficulty by so doing, and that her best way was to keep on to her original destination.

Mrs. Shaw left the train at daylight, and at nine A. M. they reached the station at T—, where Jessie's sister awaited her. Laura Wood's bright, expectant face suddenly paled at sight of the lone traveler, for, without denial, it was a very limp, spiritless form which she drew into her loving arms, and a very pale, agonized face upon which she pressed the kiss of welcome. However, she had no time to ask a question before a boy was pressing a telegram upon her notice.

"A 'spatch for ye, Mis' Wood."

Mechanically she glanced it over.

"Am all right. Will be with you this evening."

"GRANT."

"What has been the matter, and what does this mean?" she demanded.

Jessie snatched the telegram, gave it one hasty glance, and then further distressed and mystified, not to say mortified, her rather strong-minded sister, by going off into a genuine fit of hysterical laughing and crying. She got at the bottom of the mystery, however, before they reached her home, and by the time the forenoon was over she had got to the bottom of much more—much that Jessie had firmly intended to keep from her.

To say that she was grieved and indignant, would hardly express what she felt at seeing the change that two short years had wrought in her formerly healthy, happy, beautiful sister. Instead of the rosy, laughing girl she ought to have been, she found her pale, broken-spirited, sad-eyed and listless.

"Why, I really believe you look older than I!" she said, and then felt like shaking herself for the hasty speech.

"Yes, I think I do," replied languid Jessie, and

there was satisfaction instead of regret in the soft, silvery tones.

"But it is because you are tired out with travel and anxiety, you poor little darling," hastily corrected Laura; "and here I am keeping you up talking while you ought to be in bed resting. Come, now you have had a little dinner, you shall go to your room, and I will leave you to yourself for three, yes, four hours; and then I am coming to sit by your bed and talk to you, for I don't intend you shall come down again to-night, but take your tea in bed."

It was a long afternoon to Laura Wood, for her active mind had already decided upon a plan which, if her sister could be induced to approve and assist in carrying through, she felt would be a fitting finale to the occasion, and give Grant an opportunity of testing on his own person the justice of his own mode of dealing with the mistakes of others. She anticipated some difficulty in persuading Jessie to take part in the scheme, and so she was eager to broach the subject and have it settled.

The allotted four hours had barely passed, when she entered her sister's room and found her just awakened from a refreshing sleep.

"You look improved already," said she, sitting down by the bed and smoothing back her sister's soft, wavy hair; and then with a few adroit remarks, edging nearer and nearer the point, she finally came naturally to the subject in hand.

"Don't you remember, Jessie, what I said when I was visiting you—that I wished Grant might sometime find himself in some disagreeably, suspicious position, just to show him how unjust he was to you? Well, now I've got my wish, haven't I?"

"Why, so you have! I never thought of it till now," Jessie replied, looking the picture of astonishment.

"Of course you never thought of it, but what do you suppose he would be thinking now, if it were you instead of him?" asked Laura.

"Oh, don't ask me, Laura!" Jessie answered, in a voice full of pain, and then added: "Of course he would think everything dreadful. I doubt whether he would ever speak to me again."

"Well, now it is your chance, don't you see?"

Jessie looked her inquiry, and her sister went on: "Your chance to give him a lesson. To help him to see how unjust he has been to you, all this time. To see himself as others see him."

Jessie's consent was won much easier than her sister had anticipated. "Only," she stipulated "you must stand by me, Laura. You must say all the most unpleasant things for me. I never could carry it out alone; because, you see, I haven't the very faintest suspicion that he is guilty of anything wrong; and that makes it so different."

Laura was nothing loth to assume the task of saying the "unpleasant things." She thought she should rather enjoy it. "Very well," she replied, "it is all settled, then. And now you shall have your tea, and another good nap, and then you must get up

and dress, and be ready for your part in the—farce, I think it will be."

The scream of the whistle on the arrival of the 9.20 train at the distant station threw both the sisters into a lively state of expectation. As the minutes passed Jessie grew remorseful. "Who knows what he has suffered!" she plead, looking appealingly into her sister's eager and determined face.

"Nonsense! Suffered! I'll risk him! What have you suffered!" was the unsympathetic reply. "Now, Jessie, if you go to showing the white feather—" but Jessie protested, and promised anew, and set her teeth hard and waited; but when she heard her husband's well-known step upon the gravel walk, and his quick, strong ring at the door, it tried her self-command more than it had ever been tried before in the world to refrain from rushing down-stairs and throwing herself into his arms, without a word.

Her sister went instead. "What, *you?*" she sternly demanded.

"Where is Jessie?" Grant asked, ignoring both the words and manner.

"I hardly expected you would come to ask, so soon," she replied, with cutting sarcasm.

"So soon? Did you not get my telegram?"

"I did receive a telegraphic dispatch from you this morning, but we thought that as you had been so tardy in sending it, you might also neglect to follow, at the specified time; and so, to guard against being disappointed, we concluded it best not to look for you."

Grant colored high during this lengthy answer to his simple question—she could see his face by the light of the hall lamp—but for some reason, he forebore to notice the implied charge of insincerity, saying quietly: "You say '*we*,' do you mean Jessie and yourself?"

"I mean myself and Jessie," she replied, stiffly.

"I wish to see Jessie," he said, making a motion as though he would enter.

"Excuse me," she answered, still stopping the way. "Excuse me if I seem inhospitable, but Jessie declines to see you, at present."

"Declines to see me?" he repeated, in mingled astonishment and anger. "For what reason?"

"I could tell you the reason if I were not well aware that you know it already."

"I know of no reason! Good Heavens! You are not insane enough to be making all this fuss about that miserable accident of my being left behind on the road? An accident for which I was not to blame."

"Oh, an accident! Yes, of course!" she sneered.

"What do you mean?" he demanded fiercely. "You insult me!"

"I mean that, happily, such accidents seldom occur. There is too much method in them," she answered, pointedly.

He turned and walked hastily up and down the porch, too angry to speak, and she watched him with grim satisfaction. Suddenly he stopped before her and said, with forced calmness: "I do not feel obligated to enter into explanations to you, Mrs. Wood, but I demand to see my wife. I cannot believe that

she is a willing party to this outrage. I can explain everything which the circumstances demand to her, but I do not choose to be further insulted by you, if I can avoid it."

It was not Laura's purpose to carry matters too far, and drive him away, as she foresaw she should do, if she persisted, so with pretended reluctance she said: "Well, you can come into the parlor, and I will speak to Jessie, and if she consents to see you, why, I shall not object; though I think she should wait until she has consulted father and mother."

Inwardly raging, but scornful to reply, Grant followed his sister-in-law into the parlor, where she left him. Returning after some five minutes' absence, by which time he had become so impatient of this mere child's play, as he looked upon it, that he was upon the point of making his own way to his wife's room, she told him that Jessie would see him, provided that she, Laura, could be present at the interview.

He made a gesture of impatient scorn, and said: "What matter! Have the whole town, if you wish!" and strode past her toward the stairs. But she contrived to reach the room before him, and place herself by her sister's side. She dreaded the effect of his first appearance upon her firmness without the support of her own magnetic presence.

Grant paused just inside the door, arrested by the cold look of inquiry which his wife bent upon him, so unlike anything he had ever seen before in her face or manner, that he could scarce believe it could be her. Neither spoke for the space of half a minute, and then Grant said: "For Heaven's sake, Jessie, what is the meaning of all this? Explain."

"It strikes me that the explanation should come from you," she answered, haughtily, and Laura felt like hugging her for behaving so admirably.

"Very well!" Grant answered, with a half laugh of angry disgust. "Very well. Where shall I begin?"

"At the time of your leaving the cars, if you please—you and Mabel Manners," was Jessie's calm reply.

"Very well!" he repeated, "but I must request you to bear in mind that Miss Manners had nothing to do with the matter of my leaving the cars. You are quite aware of that, I know."

Jessie essayed a mocking smile, but it was rather a faint and fleeting affair. Her sister, however could not refrain from saying: "Nor with your staying behind, I presume."

A withering glance was all the notice he took of her, as he addressed himself to his task.

"In the first place, then," said he, "the train started some ten minutes sooner than the blundering fool of a conductor said, and in consequence I was much farther away when the whistle sounded than I should otherwise have been."

"But we stopped again," said Jessie. "The conductor kindly stopped the train, and waited the full time, and sounded the whistle, and did all he could."

"Yes, I heard the whistle, of course," Grant went on—by the way, it seemed very awkward for him to be thus giving an account of his acts—apologizing and excusing—and all the harder for Laura Wood's presence, but he submitted with as good a grace as he could, having, to help him, the memory of his wife's distressed face, on the many occasions when she had been forced to go through the same trying ordeal. "Yes, I heard the whistle, and might easily have caught up, but something unexpected—I was detained."

A question now would have helped him amazingly, and this none knew better than his two listeners, and so for that very reason they remained silent, waiting with calm expectancy.

"Confound it!" at last he burst out, striding up and down the room. "Yes, I was detained. That precious little idiot, Miss Manners, about whom you have taken the crazy fancy to make all this fuss, she, it seems, had the uncommonly good taste to go scrambling about the woods, over bogs, and logs, and stumps, and rocks, in search of 'specimens,' and had contrived to get a fall and sprain her ankle—couldn't take a step upon it. I heard her cries for help, at the same time that the whistle blew, and of course could do no otherwise than to go to her assistance."

"How very romantic!" commented Laura Wood. "One could found a love story upon it."

"Well?" questioned Jessie, with her features drawn into the nearest approach to a sneer of which they were capable.

"Well!" echoed Grant, nearly wild with rage at both the taunt and the sneer; "of course we were left. I did all that I could—all that any one could have done. I shouted myself hoarse, and when I found that she really could not step, ran myself into a state of utter exhaustion to try and attract the attention of some one on board the train, but all to no purpose, it was out of sight and gone."

"It is a very singular affair altogether," mused Jessie. "I can't understand how such an accident could happen, to you. If it had been me, now, it would have been all perfectly natural—quite in character. But nothing of the kind—nothing half as bad, ever *did* happen to me, and so you must excuse me if I can't—understand it. Suppose, now, it had been me," she added, as though it were a sudden thought—suppose I had been Miss Manners and you some other gentleman, what would you have thought of it?"

He looked at her keenly, a suspicion of the meaning of the whole thing flashing across his mind. In truth, he had asked himself the same question several times during the last twenty-four hours; but he was not in a frame of mind just now to make concessions, so he muttered some unintelligible reply, and then asked if there were anything else she wished to know before she decided whether she could believe him or not.

"I should like to know," she said, "why you did not telegraph sooner, and also why you were till this

time in getting here. Of course the next down train stopped for you—the conductor promised—"

"Of course nothing of the kind!" Grant interrupted fiercely. "No train stopped for us, until this morning, and then the milk train saw our signal and took us back to — where we waited for the through express."

"Do you mean to tell me," said Jessie, with a look and tone of horror and amazement, while her sister's face was indescribable, "do you mean to tell me that you spent the whole night there in the woods—you and Mabel Manners?"

"Your early love?" supplemented Laura.

"I do mean to say so—all except the last and that you know is false," Grant answered, white and red by turns. "What else could I do? What else could any man have done? She could not walk a step, and was suffering terrible pain besides; and besides, we kept thinking that some train would see our signal and stop for us."

The two sisters glanced at each other. This was better even than they had bargained for. Beyond anything they had anticipated. An irrepressible peal of laughter burst from both of them.

It was not down in the programme—that peal. Neither of them had dreamed of ending their little drama in this undignified manner, but there was no help for it now, and besides they were both getting tired of it, so they gave free rein to their merriment.

Grant surveyed them with grim resentment for awhile, but the conviction that the whole thing had been a farce from the beginning, gradually possessed his mind, and finally, almost against his will, his own features were relaxing into a smile.

"Well, is the play over?" he asked, at length.

"There is not much more," laughed Jessie. "I would like to know where Miss Manners is—she seems to have fared the worst of us all. We were cruel to laugh. Where did you leave her?"

"With her friends, I am thankful to say," replied Grant; "and I sincerely hope she will remain with them, and they with her, to the end of her natural life."

"Then there is only one thing more," said Jessie, rising and approaching him, while her sister wisely left them to themselves; "you have only to acknowledge that people may be forced into very suspicious circumstances, and still be perfectly innocent of any wrong."

"Do you suppose, that if I had not been willing to admit that, and that I had not felt that it was my own weapons you were turning against me, that I would have submitted to the treatment I have received from you two to-night? I was on the point of leaving the house several times."

Now we will follow Laura Wood's example and leave them to themselves, merely saying, that Jessie always remembered Mabel Manners with gratitude and affection, and regarded her sprained ankle as a striking example of the efficacy of vicarious suffering, as her husband was completely cured, and her own life made happy in consequence. SUSAN B. LONG.

LENOX DARE:

THE WOMAN SHE WAS.*

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER VII.

IT was more than two years since Robert Beresford painted his picture in Cherry Hollows Glen. It was more than two months since his marriage with Stacey Meredith. Her father's illness, which so abruptly summoned her from her lover's side, proved a long and at last a fatal one.

The dead banker had been regarded by all the world as a very rich man. To everybody's immense surprise, he died insolvent. Stacey was his only daughter. She had been brought up with the habits and tastes of a great heiress. She came a portionless bride to Robert Beresford. He and his young sister had inherited a handsome fortune from their dead father. At the time of the elder man's death, his son was a mere stripling at college. The orphans were the last of their race. They had been tenderly brought up—nested in the clover, feasted on the honey-dew of life. After he had graduated at Harvard, young Beresford went abroad and studied awhile in Germany, but his artistic tastes, of which he had given evidence in early boyhood, soon drew him to Italy, where he spent the best part of three happy years in his studies and his work.

Meanwhile, the family property, the inheritance of several generations, was rapidly melting away. Guardians and trustees had the management of it, while the young owner spent his time over his canvases, or studied in the famous picture-galleries of the world the works of the masters. Robert Beresford had no concern about his fortune, which he took for granted was in good hands so long as his dividends reached him promptly. Even after his return home he had no suspicion of the real state of his affairs. He had fallen in love; he had courted and at last married the woman of his choice; he had taken her to the Beresford homestead—the old, square, stone house, in the midst of its ample, cultivated grounds where he had spent his happy boyhood.

He had all this time no suspicion that the foundations of his fortune were crumbling beneath him. The thunderbolt fell in a moment out of a clear sky. The newly-married pair had returned only the week before from their bridal tour to their home. This was in one of the picturesque old towns that cluster around Boston, so near that they feel the pulsation of the mighty city's heart, so far off that an air of Eden-like repose and peace forever invests them.

Here young Beresford learned one day that the two men who had had for years the principal control of his fortune, whom he and his father had trusted with absolute confidence, were bankrupts. Then the whole ghastly truth came to light. These men had betrayed his interests, and used his funds to advance their own fortunes. A large part of the property had

been swallowed up in rash and ruinous speculations. The managers had sought in these desperate ventures to retrieve themselves, and to conceal the real nature of their transactions from young Beresford. The story is quite too long, and, alas! quite too common, to enlarge on here. The dullest imagination can supply all the details. They involved not only the principal managers, but others who, in various ways having some interest in young Beresford's affairs, had tampered with their trust. Some had only been weak where others had been dishonest; but the result was that Robert Beresford was awakened suddenly from his dreams of young love and his ardent ambitions to find himself at twenty-eight years old, with the habits which a life of wealth and ease had made second nature, with his luxuriously-reared wife and young sister on his hands, and with his fortunes in such ruinous plight that it was doubtful whether he could save even the old Beresford homestead from the general wreck.

Before young Beresford could fully realize his changed fortunes, an old friend and distant connection of his father's—a shrewd, prosperous business man—came to his rescue. The old man was at the head of a vast iron importing and manufacturing concern, which had extensive branches in South America and wide commercial relations in Europe. He offered young Beresford, whom he had always known, and for whom he had a fatherly liking, the place which his own son, about to take charge of the house in South America, would leave vacant. This would involve a partnership in the business, a steady devotion of time and thought to its interests. The position would secure young Beresford an income that would relieve him from all pecuniary anxieties for the present. It would probably in the next twenty years insure him a fortune equal to the one which he had lost.

Young Beresford understood all the advantages of this offer; he knew that it was one that does not come, in crises like this, to one man in a million.

"Come, my dear boy," said his father's old friend, arguing with the true commercial genius, "throw your paint-boxes and your pictures, and all that sort of thing, to the dogs, and settle down to some real work in life. Make money, instead of idling and dreaming. You've got the true Beresford grit in you, and it only needed a few hard knocks to bring it to the surface."

The young man looked at the older one as he said this. He took in, with his artist instinct, the hard business head, the shrewd, worldly-wise face, lighted up now by some unusual kindness.

Would he be one of these days just such a shrewd, cool-headed old Philistine? he wondered. But he answered: "Give me until to-morrow to think over your offer, Mr. Wentworth. You shall have my answer at that time. As for my thanks, the man who has just proposed to me all you have will wait for those, too."

"I see; the young fellow has a hankering after his foolish paint-boxes and canvases," said the old man,

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after the younger had left his office. "But there's sound stuff at bottom. I'll trust that to bring him out right at last. Of course it will be tough on him at first; but he's a fine fellow and a lucky young dog, and he'll soon have the nonsense taken out of him."

Robert Beresford went out that night to his home, less than a dozen miles from Boston, with a feeling that a great crisis had come in his life, that his future would be shaped and colored by the decision at which he should now arrive. He did not go as usual to his young wife on his return; he went up a single flight of stairs in the large, old-fashioned mansion, and turned to a room on the right. It was his studio.

The young man paced up and down this room with feelings into which, I suppose, an artist could alone fully enter. Since he returned from Italy, three years ago, this room had been to him the dearest place in the world. Its ample space, its fine light, its stores of old, rare and beautiful things, made it the beau ideal of an artist's studio. The young owner had gathered here a world of treasures—things that in his wide travels had struck his fancy, or held some old historic association in his thoughts.

Persian rugs lay on the floor, and rare mediæval tapestries hung on the walls or in the corners; Venetian mirrors flashed out of heavy, carved frames, and ebony cabinets were set with lovely Florentine mosaics. Rich fabrics, gorgeous stuffs, blazed on chairs and lounges. Antiques, vases, rare and precious specimens of pottery from all schools, bore witness to their owner's culture and taste. Between these walls, in the midst of these treasures which kindled his imagination and inspired his thoughts, Robert Beresford had hoped to spend the best years—to do the real work of his life. The portfolios that lay on an old carved table of black wood were full of memoranda, to be worked up afterward into noble form and beautiful color. These had been gathered everywhere, with the patient, loving temper of the artist. Work in water-color, in oils, and in all sorts of stages, lay around. In one place hung an almost completed study of restless, flashing sea-waves, and wet, brown rocks, and dripping weeds, and crumbling pier. Close by it was a more ambitious study of a mountain-slope, with the glitter of sunlight on its mighty pines, and the glow of a crimson sunset on its crest. There were some pretty, half-finished pictures in *genre* lying about. These had cost Robert Beresford that something which work always cost any true artist—which pen cannot write nor tongue utter. In the middle of the room stood a large, new, oak easel, only a few days before the present of a friend. He had never used it yet. Was he never to use it, after all?

Robert Beresford asked himself this question as he paced up and down the room, and heard the low, dreary cry of the autumn winds outside. It seemed to the young man that he should hear the cry of that wind at times through all his life. He had come here as the fittest place to make the resolve on which his future hinged. Should he close with his old friend's offer? Should he turn his back on all the

hopes and dreams of his young manhood? Could he force himself to settle down, like most of his kind, into a mere money-grubber? Could he spend his life in an ignoble struggle after the poor prizes and ambitions of the world?

In this way Robert Beresford put the question to his soul that night. For himself there could have been but one answer. He would have counted no sacrifice too great for his precious art.

A Bohemian life had certain attractions for a temperament like his. In his young pride and strength he would not have regarded the loss of his property as a very serious misfortune. He would have taken the chances with his art.

It was only the thought of his wife that made Robert Beresford hesitate. Could he ask the beautiful, delicately-reared woman to share his struggle and his poverty? He knew enough of the awards of art to see that the sacrifice must be a long one; that it would involve all sorts of limitations and economies for the woman who had bound up her fate with his. Could he lay such burdens on her slight shoulders? All his manhood, all his high, knightly spirit recoiled at the thought.

Young Beresford had won praise for his work in high quarters, both at home and abroad. In Paris exhibitions, in London academies, his pictures had been studied and admired for their depth of sentiment, their vigorous conceptions and delicate treatment. This might have intoxicated weaker brains. But Robert Beresford was wise enough to see that all these things did not prove him a great artist. Perhaps, he reasoned, the world would not lose anything if he never painted another picture. Could he have been assured in that hour of doubt and wavering that he had the birthright, the baptism of genius, his way would have been plain before him. He would have owed himself to the world. In that case, even those he loved must take their chances with his art. Robert Beresford told himself what a good many critics would have disputed, that he had thus far shown himself only a clever artist. If he were more than this, it would take years to prove it; and, meanwhile, there was his wife, there was his young sister also, whose fortunes had been wrecked with his own.

He stopped in his walk when he heard a soft knock at the door. He turned, and saw a lovely vision standing there with a smile on its lips, and a bewitching archness in its eyes.

"Am I getting to be an old story, Robert," asked the young wife, half-gayly, half-seriously, "that you come first to your studio instead of to me?"

"No, my dear, you are a fresh, beautiful wonder to me always," he said, going to her and leading her into the room.

"Well, then, must I be jealous of your pictures?"

"Not though they outshone the fairest dream that ever man caught on canvas. Guess again, Stacey."

"Is there any more of that same trouble you told me about yesterday?"

He had hinted lightly and rapidly as possible of some disturbance in his business affairs; but he had

left her mostly in the dark regarding his fallen fortunes. Now the truth must come.

"There is more of that trouble. Look at me, Stacey, my wife. Your husband is a poor man."

She was standing close by his side, with one little, soft hand on his arm. She looked startled, bewildered.

"O Robert, what do you mean? What dreadful thing has happened to you?" she cried out.

"It is a long story, Stacey; so long that we will not go into its details now. I have been the victim of weakness and wickedness, of selfishness and fraud. My fortune has melted away in dishonest hands as though it had never been."

"Is poverty a very bad thing, Robert?" asked the young wife, gravely.

"Very bad, you ignorant little woman. Of course it has different stages, and very different meanings to different people; but it involves at best limitations and privations, perpetual small worries and wearing economies. I must honestly tell you, Stacey, I think poverty must be to you and to me, because of you, a very bad thing."

Stacey Beresford lifted her golden-lashed, azure eyes to her husband, and looked steadily in his face.

"Robert, my husband," she said, "I am not afraid of this poverty. I would rather share it with you, bear its burdens and make its sacrifices, than be the wife of any other man, though he had the wealth of princes."

As she said this her eyes, gazing at him with proud tenderness, and the soft pink in her cheeks deepening to the reddest rose, Robert Beresford made up his mind.

"Stacey, my wife," he said, in his tone a solemn, tender depth which she had never heard there before, "please God, you shall never know what this poverty is. I have not taken a maid from her mother, to be my wife, not to shield her from the winds, not to guard her from the rough ways of the world. I have a man's stout arm, a man's strong brain. You may trust them, Stacey!"

"But what are you going to do, Robert?" and as she asked the question, her look said that she believed there was nothing in the world that this man, so grand in his courage, so gentle in his tenderness, so great above all other men, could not do!

"This am I going to do!" and then Robert Beresford told his wife of the offer Josiah Wentworth had made him that afternoon.

She drank in every word. When he had ceased speaking her gaze went slowly about the studio. "But, Robert," she said, with a woman's quick intuition, "will you have to give up your pictures if you go into this business? I know what your painting is to you."

"Whatever it is to me, I am not sure it could ever have made me a great artist, Stacey." He tried to speak lightly, but, despite himself, his voice broke a little.

Stacey's quick ear caught the sound. "I see how it is," she said, with quivering lips and eyes suddenly

dimmed with tears. "You are going to sacrifice yourself, your dearest work, your noblest hopes, for my sake, Robert!"

"I am going to take care of the woman I married," said Robert Beresford, and though his voice was tender, there was a ring of fixed purpose in it, and he set his jaws sternly.

"I never cared much when poor papa lost his money," said Stacey, very seriously. "I knew I had you, Robert. Now I wish, for your sake, I had the fortune."

When she said that, Robert Beresford put out his arms and drew his wife close to his strong heart.

"It was for better or for worse you promised," he said. "You shall not find it was for the worse, my Stacey!"

That night Robert Beresford gathered up his unfinished pictures, and his crowded portfolios, and carried them, with the great oak easel, into a small room that opened out of his studio. There were tears in the brave fellow's eyes as he did this. I suppose that no one but an artist could enter into the bitterness of his feeling at that moment. When his work was done it seemed to him that he had buried a part of himself.

It was ten years before Robert Beresford sat down again before the oak easel. He knew then that it was too late for him ever to paint a great picture.

The next day young Beresford went into the private office of Josiah Wentworth and said to him, quietly: "I have made up my mind to accept your offer."

The words, few, and to the point, pleased the old man's keen business instincts. "Bravo!" he said, grasping the younger's hand, while his shrewd face actually beamed on him. "I knew you'd see where your interests lay, and let the pictures go. True Beresford grit!"

But the young man was not so sure of that. Indeed, it seemed to him at that moment that he was not sure of anything in the world except the shining in Stacey's eyes last night.

When his brother painters learned that Robert Beresford had entered into partnership with the great iron concern, they said a true artist had been spoiled.

CHAPTER VIII.

IT was now almost three years since Lenox Dare came to Briarswild. Nothing very remarkable had happened during this time. It had been to her one of quiet home-happiness, of rest and harmonious development. Long before this she had grown quite accustomed to being cared for and petted, to finding herself a central object of interest to those about her. It is wonderful how naturally and easily the saddest of us take our happiness when it comes—as though it were, after all, the human creature's birthright. In the bright, healthful atmosphere of her new home the girl's real nature opened itself. What a joyous, magnetic creature she was! How full of youth, of

life, of intense enjoyment, of bright, inspiring presence! If she were gone from the cottage for a few hours they missed her as though half the life had vanished. She still had her old passion for nature, her love of books; but she no longer indulged these to the exclusion of everything else. Mrs. Mavis could not conceive that a young girl was properly brought up who had never been to school. It was a miracle, she said to Ben, that that girl had managed to glean such an amount of knowledge from old Colonel Marvell's library; but, for all that, and for all her unquestionable superiority to other girls of her age, Mrs. Mavis set her heart on Lenox's attending Briarswild Academy.

There was something to be learned in school outside of books, the sensible little woman averred, and so Lenox went to the morning recitations for more than a year.

This surrounding her with young life and with girls of her own age was a wholesome experience for her. She shrank from her school-life at first, but, in a little while, she enjoyed it immensely. It was wonderful how soon she overtook and outstripped her school-fellows in the studies where she had been far behind them. Her wide range of knowledge in general literature was to them something marvelous. She was extremely popular with her young companions. There was a charm, an original something in her ways and speech which powerfully attracted them.

During these years, Ben Mavis and Lenox Dare had been thrown constantly together, not only under the home-roof, but in all their varied out-door expeditions. They had here the deepest likings in common, and the pure-souled, frank-hearted youth, and the fresh, joyous maiden were off almost every day on some adventure.

Ben taught Lenox a world of things in which young girls are apt to be sadly deficient; taught her to ride, to drive, to row, to swim, to aim an arrow or shoot a pistol. They searched the woods and hills for all sorts of rare, beautiful wild growths, and brought these treasures home to the mother; mosses and ferns, barks of marvelous hues and curious roots which her tasteful fingers arranged in all lovely harmonies of color, and shaped into all curious and graceful forms for household decoration.

It was late in the afternoon of a lovely June day when Dainty brought her young mistress, at a smart trot, across the old creek-bridge from which the road led up through half a mile of pine woods to the lane at the back of the Mavis farm.

Lenox had been down into the town that afternoon on some errand, and then, beguiled by the beauty of the day, had spurred off among the hills and made a wide detour on her return. As she came dashing across the creek, rider and horse made a striking picture. Lenox had profited by Ben's training, but, then, he often assured her, she was a born horsewoman. She sat her young mare admirably. Her slight, girlish figure harmonized with Dainty's small, graceful build, with the arching neck and the proudly borne head.

The folds of Lenox's dark green riding-skirt floated against Dainty's gray mane. She wore the dress and the little velvet cap with the solitary black plume for the first time. They were a present from Mrs. Mavis the day before. She took delight in seeing the girl prettily dressed.

Nobody could have suspected Lenox was the girl who, three years ago that summer, had leaned over the fence and gazed into the depths of Cherry Hollows Glen. Her cheeks had rounded and the little, peaked face had changed its shy, wistful look, and flashed with vivid life and happiness. Her great, dark eyes shone like suns that afternoon with the thoughts that had come to quicken heart and brain in her long, solitary ride. She had only crossed the bridge, and struck into the shadows of the pine road, when a voice called her. She drew Dainty up, and in an instant the creature stood quite still, though her eyes flashed, and her small limbs quivered.

The next moment, Ben Mavis came out from the shadow of the pines with a laugh. He, too, had grown a little stouter and taller in these years, and the face under his broad-brimmed straw hat had grown handsomer and manlier, without losing any of its bright frankness.

"Ah, Lenox," he said, coming up to the saddle, with a merry look in his eyes, "I know your tricks, you see. I was sure to find you on this road."

"I couldn't help it, Ben," replied Lenox, with a bird-like flutter of her restless head. "I had the best intentions of coming straight home when I set out, but it was just impossible. There never was quite such a day before. It drew me away into the hills. Such a ride as I and Dainty have had around by Moose Bend, and through Berry Gap. It was"—hesitating a moment—"indescribable!"

"Your eyes describe it all," said Ben, gazing at the glowing face as he stroked Dainty's mane. "They flash like flames."

"Do they? It must be because I have had such thoughts. But how curious that you should have expected I would come this way! How long have you been waiting for me, Ben?"

"Oh, a quarter of an hour, perhaps. I knew, you see, however good your intentions might be, that when you once got on Dainty's back, the air and the light, and the out-doors in general, would run away with you. I've learned to count on your doings by this time pretty well, Lenox."

"You've had a good while now to learn them," she said; and then, with a swift change in her face, she flung her arms around Dainty's neck. She never forgot what she owed that young horse. Had it not been for Dainty, she would never have known Ben Mavis or his mother.

The young man knew perfectly what was in her thoughts. Lenox's past was not a subject often alluded to now. It was partly for the sake of diverting her from all painful memories that he asked: "So you had grand thoughts, did you, skylarking away off there among the hills?"

"Yes," she said, sitting erect in her saddle once more, and looking at him with a bright face, touched with a little seriousness, "such thoughts as come to me only at rare times, and in beautiful, solitary places, when I am so free and joyous that the joy seems almost a burden—something that I cannot bear. You know what I mean, Ben?"

"Not precisely, Lenox. I enjoy a beautiful day—I love all beautiful things; but not in your way, not with your enthusiasms, your passion of happiness. I suspect I was cut out for a slow-going, common-place old fogey."

"You were cut out for the dearest, best fellow in all the world!" said Lenox, looking into his eyes with her own wide open and frank as the daylight. "You shall not call yourself such names."

"Well," answered Ben with his native wit and his sturdy common sense, "I don't give myself much trouble about it. It strikes me a man would be a terrible fool who made himself miserable because he couldn't write a grand poem, or paint a great picture, or do anything else the Lord who made him didn't intend he should. His only concern is to make the best he can out of his own raw material; and he will find that sufficiently tough work sometimes."

"Why, Ben," exclaimed Lenox, looking at him with delighted eyes, "that is precisely what Robert Browning says, in a little different words:

"My business is not to remake myself,
But make the absolute best of what God made."

"I thought before," replied Ben, "that idea was only common sense; but now Robert Browning has made it poetry. What were you thinking about up in the woods, Lenox?"

"Perhaps the thinking would not sound common sense, if I were to put it in words, Ben," she answered, rather doubtfully.

"Yes it would, at bottom, Lenox. What a light there was in your face as you and Dainty came rushing across the bridge just now. Your look then made me curious to know what thoughts lay behind it."

"It all came of Julius Caesar," answered Lenox, with a gay little laugh. "I read half of the noble old play to your mother last night while you were down town at the lyceum. In the stillness and gladness of the woods it all came back to me. And then I fell to thinking what a life, what a soul there was in words! I felt as I never did before what a power, and beauty, and glory there must be in them, to go on living and flaming through the centuries. I wondered who it was that read Shakespeare for the first time in our own land. That must have been a long time ago, you see."

"I should imagine," answered Ben, in a half-serious, half-amused tone, "not long after the sailing of the Mayflower."

"Not so very. But," continued Lenox, with solemn, kindling eyes, "think what a moment that must have been when those mighty words broke for the first time the awful solitudes of the wilderness—

solitudes that had never echoed to anything but the cry of wild beasts, the war-whoops and chants of the Indians! It seems as though the very air must have been thrilled and conscious as though a wind of life, a new soul had passed into it."

"I see all that is very grand, very beautiful," said Ben, after a little pause, "though I cannot hold myself to the level of your thought, your enthusiasms, Lenox. But I am positive about one thing."

"What is that, Ben?"

"That Shakespeare was not the first book the voices of men read in these Western solitudes."

"Yes. I see you must be right there," replied Lenox, with a flash of intelligence in her face. "The first book must have been the best—God's own book come at last to explain and supplement His other great Green-Book of the new world. I wonder why I never thought of all this before."

"The wonder, rather, seems to me," rejoined Ben, "that you should ever have thought of it at all. What other girl would have such thoughts because she had gone off on a lark all by herself in the woods?"

"That means, I suppose, that I am not just like other girls," answered Lenox, with the grave look which this suggestion still had power to bring up in her face.

"It means that precisely. What kind of woman are you going to make one of these days, Lenox Dare?" inquired Ben, abruptly.

"You are talking of a time which is a long way off," answered Lenox, gayly. "At least I try to think so, though I am dreadfully deep in seventeen."

While the youth and the maiden held this talk in the old bridle-path among the deep pine-woods, the light of the summer afternoon flickered over Lenox's slight figure, and touched Dainty's gray mane into silver, and shone on Ben's fine, honest face, and made wonderful tapestry with the waving shadows and brown pine-needles on the ground.

Ben Mavis spoke suddenly. "I have some news for you, Lenox. It was partly that which brought me out here to find you. We are going somewhere—you and mother and I. We are to start within three days. It was all settled while you were up in the woods this afternoon. I have written to engage rooms. Now where is it we are going, Lenox?"

As he propounded this riddle, Ben folded his arms, and looked into the girl's face with eyes that danced merrily over the secret.

"Your mother going, too?" exclaimed Lenox. "And she is always so reluctant to leave home. Where can it be we are going?"

"But that is precisely what you are to tell me, Lenox!"

"I see by your looks you think it will be good news to me, Ben?"

"Oh, splendid—glorious—all a girl's adjectives."

"Oh, I have it!" exclaimed Lenox, bringing her gauntleted palms together. "We are going to Watkins's Glen."

The Mavis farm lay less than twenty miles from

this famous locality. Lenox, with Mrs. Mavis and her son, had visited the Glen the summer before. She had heard the voice of the tumbling waters as they broke, with joyful shout, the solemn gloom of the vast ravines. She had watched the sunlight glancing on the gray cliffs and among the shimmering cascades; she had climbed the lofty staircases, and lingered on the picturesque bridges; she had stood on the dark edge of the sea-green pools, and gazed up at the awful heights, whose summits were fringed with quivering hemlocks and frescoed with mosses and climbing vines. Shut in by those gray walls, she had passed from nature's moods of sullen, savage grandeur to her tenderest dreams of smiling loveliness. Lenox had never seen anything before which so excited and captivated her imagination. And it was with radiant face and exultant voice that she now named Watkins's Glen.

Ben shook his head. "It is ten times farther off than Watkins's Glen. Try again, Lenox."

She mused a moment. The plume of her little riding-cap waved jauntily in the breeze, the shadows of the pines flickered over her young, thoughtful face. Suddenly she turned, and laid her hand coaxingly on Ben's shoulder.

"It is useless for me to try. Tell me, Ben," she said.

He looked straight in her eyes. He said it slowly, with a little pause between each syllable, as though he liked to mark the effect. "We are going day after to-morrow—to the sea!"

"To the sea! To the sea!" repeated Lenox, in a low, half-awed tone. She had been reading about it all her life; her hope of seeing it sometime had been next to her hope of getting to Heaven.

"It is true, Lenox," answered Ben, slightly disappointed at the quiet, half-dazed way in which she took his tidings, and then he went on to explain how naturally the suddenness of it all had come about.

His mother had, just after Lenox left the house, received a letter from her sister's husband, who lived in a small village among the Berkshire Hills. The letter told a sad story of broken health. The writer had not, since the year her brother died, seen his wife or his son. She wrote now, entreating them to come to her in the lovely June weather.

They had decided to go, and take Lenox with them; but they had arranged to spend a week at Hampton Beach before going into the interior. How simple and matter-of-fact it all sounded as Ben related the programme, whose consummation would have appeared to Lenox, an hour ago, as remote as going to the moon.

"It is a grand old coast," Ben concluded. "I was there with my father when I was a boy. The beach for miles at low tide is smooth as a marble floor. You'll have the ocean in all its glory close to your door. If anything could have made a poet of me, that sight would. You'll be fascinated, too, with the old rocks, where you can gather shells, and sea-weed, and all sorts of curious things the tides have left there. In fine weather, you can see from Boar's Head

the Isles of Shoals, like huge black monsters, lifting themselves just above the waves. You must carry your Longfellow and Whittier along, Lenox. There's no place for reading them like those old sands, when the ocean comes in with a grand chorus."

"And I am going to see, to hear it all in three days!" said Lenox, still quietly; but there was a vibration in her voice which this time satisfied Ben.

"Within three days," he repeated; and then he took hold of Dainty's saddle and walked by her side through the forest-ways.

When they reached the big gate they saw Mrs. Mavis on the side piazza.

A moment later, Lenox sprang lightly from her horse and bounded up to the woman.

"O Mrs. Mavis," she said, putting her arms around the woman's neck; "Ben has told me all about it!"

This demonstration was very rare with Lenox—so rare that it always reminded Mrs. Mavis of the time the girl had caressed her that day they brought her out on the piazza for the first time.

"I thought, my dear," she said, laughing, and glancing at the great manly fellow, "he wouldn't be able to keep the news until you got home."

"And we are really going day after to-morrow, Mrs. Mavis?"

"We are really going, Lenox!"

CHAPTER IX.

ONE morning Lenox Dare sat alone on the highest point of a ledge of low, ragged, brown rocks at Hampton Beach, and watched the tide come in. It was just a week since she and Ben Mavis had had their talk in the pine-woods. She had been at Hampton three days, and now she was quite alone, except for the slight acquaintances she had made since her arrival.

Mrs. Mavis's nice little programme had all been broken up the day before by a telegram announcing that her sister-in-law was seriously ill, and desired her presence immediately.

Mother and son had set off a few hours later, leaving Lenox behind at the beach. Her soul and senses were possessed by the novel scenes, the fresh, joyous life around her. It would have been cruel to drag the girl from all these into a strange house, darkened by illness. She had pleaded to be left behind. Loneliness, she insisted, could have no terrors for her with that great, new volume of the sea spread open for her reading.

They had chosen, for greater freedom, a private boarding-house close by the sea. Lenox would be left in kindly hands for the few days of her friends' absence. Ben was to return for her as soon as his aunt's improved health would make the visit agreeable.

Lenox could hardly understand the reluctance with which her friends left her to herself for this brief interval. "If I were a baby, instead of seventeen, you could not have a more hopeless opinion of my incapacity!" she said, with her gayest laugh.

"Do you suppose anybody is going to try to run away with me?"

Something happened before the three met again which made that light question of Lenox's seem prophetic.

The girl had been sitting on the rocks more than an hour, absorbed in the scene before her. Behind her the gray beach stretched for miles. Before her lay the blue, trembling sea. No cloud dimmed the deep azure overhead. The wind blew the girl's hair about her face, as she sat there, motionless as a statue, in her white dress, her shade hat and her shawl of scarlet wool gathered about her shoulders, the bright color showing finely against the dark background of the rocks. She made a picture there, just on the edge of the sea, of which she little dreamed. It struck a young man who had been out for an hour's row and was bringing his small boat in shore, with the strong, lusty strokes of a trained oarsman. Lenox never glanced at him. She had eyes, though, for the pretty little sail-boats which were darting about in the light wind with the sunlight glittering on their sails; eyes, too, for the larger craft—sloops and schooners that were standing out to sea, rising slowly into view, and then vanishing into the beauty and mystery of the distance.

But the motion and marvel of the incoming tide, more than anything else, held Lenox Dare spell-bound on the ledge of rocks that morning. Every nerve thrilled joyfully to the life and motion going on around her. She saw great sweeping waves whose green crests broke suddenly into beautiful masses of spray that fell in glittering heaps upon the sand. She heard the song that breaks forever from the deep heart of the sea; she heard the laughter of happy waves on the shore. Her soul, too, was like a song within her. The majesty of the Psalms, the roll of old Homer, the solemn sweetness of Spenser awoke by turns in her memory. Meanwhile the waves were creeping stealthily around the low ledge of rocks where Lenox sat. At high tide only a few points stood above the water.

"Does she see how the tide is getting behind her? Has the creature a notion to drown herself?" thought the young oarsman, as he brought his boat on the sands and sprang lightly ashore.

At the same moment the dashing of some spray in Lenox's face aroused her. She was on her feet in a moment. She saw, at a glance below her, that she was being rapidly cut off from the shore. The waves had already slipped around the rocks up whose sides, slippery with sea-weed, she had scrambled that morning. The girl was in no peril, certainly. The point where she stood would not be submerged in so calm a day, but it would not be pleasant to wait, cut off from the shore, on that solitary headland, for the tide to go out.

Once awakened to an emergency, Lenox Dare usually proved equal to it. She came down the rocks now, light and swift as bounding chamois. The oddness of her position, and the touch of adventure about it strongly excited her. But she suddenly stood still,

with a little perplexed look coming into the brightness of her face. The water had wound itself in among the rocks, and rolled a wide stream between her and the next point to which she must pass on her descent. There was no time to be lost. Lenox had just made up her mind to leap the chasm when a voice at her right and just below her called out: "Take care, miss! You will make that leap at your peril. Won't you allow me to assist you?"

Lenox turned and saw the speaker. He had just come around a sharp angle of the rocks which he had climbed from the opposite side. He was a rather tall, ruddy-skinned, yellowish-haired and whiskered young fellow, about twenty-two. He was well, but not foppishly dressed, in a light traveling suit, and he had altogether a pleasant, gentlemanly air as he stood there lifting his hat to the girl as he spoke.

The stranger's address had been perfectly natural and respectful. Any young girl in Lenox's plight would have accepted his service. She gave him her hands in the frankest, simplest fashion. "Thank you," she said, with a merry laugh. "I little suspected what a march the ocean was stealing on me while I sat up there thinking of nothing but those grand old waves!"

As Lenox said this she sprang lightly across the stream with the stranger's aid. There were steep, slippery places still between them and the sand. Lenox would have made nothing of them, still she could not decline the young man's aid.

"You must have enjoyed the sight immensely," he remarked.

"Nobody could help doing that," answered Lenox, and she flashed up one of her vivid glances into the stranger's face, and he said to himself: "By Jove! What magnificent eyes the creature has!"

"I saw you sitting on the rocks when I was out in my sail-boat," he continued. "I was half-inclined to think you were some ocean nymph come up from the depths to sun yourself and watch the sea awhile before you darted back into your native waves."

Again Lenox's laugh rang out clear and sweet as a flute. "Did I make you think of that?" she asked. "It is curious how the sea brings up all sorts of lovely old myths and legends that one has not thought of for years. While I was sitting there I half-expected to see some huge Triton riding on the back of a green wave, or the sea-horses rise up with their manes glittering like the spray. How real the sight of the sea makes all those delightful old stories!"

Again the young man looked at Lenox with curious, amused eyes. The sea air had stung her cheeks into a vivid color. The life and glow at her soul were in her face now.

Mrs. Mavis had often been puzzled to decide in her own mind whether Lenox was pretty or even good-looking. Her eyes were something wonderful, but when it came to the rest of the face, the little woman was in doubt. It lacked the soft bloom of the dead Janet's, the pretty pink and white of the

young girl's at Briarswild. It had been dark and thin when she came to them, although the lines had been growing softer and finer each year. Mrs. Mavis, however, could not perceive—what perhaps an artist might have done—that whatever beauty Lenox might have, it would develop slowly, after a law of its own, and that the young girl's face must wait for its soul, for its womanhood. The spring has its own time—its perfect blossoming. So also has the summer!

The question which had puzzled Mrs. Mavis a good many times, puzzled the young man that morning. Amid his other conceits, he plumed himself on being a good judge of young girls, but he was at a loss how to classify the one whom he had helped over the rocks that morning. For they had reached the sands by this time. He had now only to lift his hat and take leave of his companion, but he felt more than half-inclined to pursue the acquaintance begun so informally.

Lenox turned toward her boarding-house, half a mile up the beach. She was about to say good-morning to her companion.

"I am just going up to the hotel," he said. "As our paths seem to lie in the same direction, I will walk with you, if you have no objection."

"Oh, certainly, I have no objection," answered Lenox, with perfect transparency of speech and tone.

The walk over the beach was full of charm and novelty to the young girl. Her first wonder and delight over the new world around her had not yet worn off. The prints which the waves had left on the sand, the dried sea-weed, the shells, and all the curious things which the tides had tossed along the beach were a fresh marvel to her. One moment she seemed to the young man like a child lost in delight and wonder over a world of fresh toys, and the next some bright, quaint speech would take him wholly by surprise, and pique his curiosity regarding her.

"You are not, then, familiar with sea-views?" he said, as they walked along, in answer to some remark of Lenox's.

"This is my first visit to the ocean," she replied. "It seems the more wonderful to be left here all alone with it."

"All alone?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" exclaimed Lenox. "Of course you do not understand, and I believe I was speaking half to myself." And then, in a few words, she related how her friends had been suddenly summoned away, and how very odd it seemed to find herself all alone in the quaint old town on the edge of the sea.

"You must find it very lonely, I imagine?"

"Lonely!" repeated Lenox, with her happy incredulous laugh. "That is what Mrs. Mavis and Ben were all the time insisting on. But how could one be lonely with this sea and shore?"

This was a part of the talk as the young strangers walked slowly up the sands at Hampton Beach, with the June heats, cooled by the incoming tide, and all

the blue, flashing ocean on their right. Other talk was suggested by the time and place, and still Lenox, fresh, and quaint, and artless, puzzled and attracted the stranger who walked by her side.

At last the gate of the square, two-storied, white house where she was staying came in sight.

Then the stranger said, in his half-careless, half-gallant way, a way which young ladies as a rule thought very fascinating: "As you have allowed me to walk up with you, I shall take the liberty to present myself," and he offered his card.

Lenox received it cordially enough, but with a little glance of surprise. She read the name written in a large, clear hand with a good many flourishes, "GUY FOSDICK."

"Now, may I be bold enough to ask your name, also?" said the young man, as Lenox looked up from the card.

"My name," said the girl, with her great eyes gazing quietly at him, "is Lenox Dare."

"I should expect the creature would have an odd name!" thought young Fosdick, but he said in his subtly flattering, yet wholly respectful manner: "I like this introduction vastly better than a more formal one. As you are quite alone, and in a strange world, and I happen to be stopping at Boar's Head for a few days, can I not be of some service to you?"

"You are very kind, Mr. Fosdick," answered the girl. "But, really, I can think of nothing which—which you can do for me."

"I am sorry to hear you say that, Miss Dare," answered the young man. The girl's indifference to his attempts at farther acquaintance had the last effect she intended, and only piqued him into making farther advances.

He broached the subject of croquet, he described the fascinating sport on the beach, he told her that a party of young people was coming down that very afternoon to have a game. He asked if Miss Dare would join them if he called for her.

She thanked him in her bright, frank way, as far from any thought of fascinating him as though the accomplished young cavalier by her side had been her own grandfather, but she said there were so many other things to see and do, that she found no time for croquet, and though she sometimes played, she had no special skill at the game.

He made another trial. Would she allow him, he asked, the privilege of a properly introduced acquaintance to call on her?

"Certainly," she answered. But if he gave himself the trouble to call, it was quite doubtful whether he would find her at home. She was outdoors most of the time in this enchanting weather, and this wonderful scenery.

Guy Fosdick knew the ways of girls. Was this one, after all, only trying to play her rôle in a little more artful fashion than the others? But a glance at Lenox's face answered that question. There was nothing for him to do, but lift his hat and bid her good-morning. Guy Fosdick went up to his hotel

that morning conscious that he had absolutely failed to make the impression he intended. It was a new experience to him.

Unlike as were the two women who had the shaping of Lenox Dare's childhood and youth, their influence had in one respect been identical. There was a side of the world of which Lenox was as ignorant as a baby. Mrs. Crane had a narrow-minded notion that the less a young girl knew about the world the better and safer it was for her. Mrs. Mavis had found Lenox's *naïveté* and innocence so charming that she could never make up her mind to disturb it with any worldly-wise maxims or cautions. Such ignorance always has its perils. No harm, however, was likely to come to Lenox so long as she remained sheltered under the love-guarded roof at Briarswild.

But Mrs. Mavis very naturally did not reflect that Lenox's life, like all others, was liable to sudden changes. Some event might happen which would launch the young, innocent girl into the great world, among men and women where her child-like ignorance might lead her into great mistakes, into terrible dangers.

Guy Fosdick, who had run up to Boar's Head with some young friends for a few days boating and fishing, was a man of the world; a very young one, it is true, and therein lay his best hope, for he was barely twenty-three. He had graduated at Harvard, with moderate honors, the year before. He had not yet settled himself to any work in life. There was no need that he should be in a hurry about choosing his profession, he reasoned. A young fellow with a comfortable fortune in prospect might as well have a jolly time and see something of the world before he went into harness for life.

Young Fosdick's father was a rich man, a Beacon Street magnate. Guy was the only son among half a dozen sisters. He had been a good deal spoiled from his boyhood. He had plenty of personal conceits and vanities besides the familiar one of pluming himself on his old name and high position.

In his family Guy had always been regarded as a prodigy. His parents, his handsome, dashing sisters scolded, and petted, and idolized him. His classmates regarded him as a good fellow, bright and jolly, while he was an immense favorite with all young ladies. He had the gift of bright surface talk, the tact and grace of manner which make the ideal carpet knight. It was his secret conviction that no young woman on whom he chose to exert his fascinations would be able to resist them. He meant to be a gentleman, he would have been extremely mortified had any one regarded him otherwise, yet his standards were no more elevated than the world in which he moved. His life had been thus far what he regarded as open and honorable, although he had of late "sowed some wild oats," and been drawn into some associations which he would not for worlds have mentioned at home.

Had fate, one might wonder, in some mood of utmost irony brought these two together in that old town by the sea—the man of the world, with his fine

manners, and his drawing-room gallantries, and this girl with her young enthusiasms, her ignorance of the world, her simple, child-like, transparent soul?

Young Fosdick was quite right in his opinion. Lenox hardly gave him a thought after he was out of sight. His manners seemed to her very graceful, but the first impressions—those which are oftenest keenest and most trustworthy—were not altogether favorable. She did not reason about it, but she felt, rather than perceived, something lacking under all the polish and gallantry. Those were very elegant manners, no doubt, she thought. But, after all, she liked Ben Mavis's frank, simple ways a good deal better.

The next day, Lenox went down all alone on the beach when the tide was out. The stones, over which the waves had been swinging and flashing a few hours before, were now netted and draped all over with wonderful brown sea-weed, and strange mosses, and all curious sea-growths which the tide had left clinging among the ledges and stones.

Lenox was down among these, with a little basket, searching for shells and sea-weed, and all other treasures of the deep, which the waves in their swift retreat had forgotten. The light, lithe figure moving about amid the rocks and stones could be seen at a long distance on that wide, open coast, but Lenox no more dreamed of any one's watching her than the waves far out on the beach and singing to each other their secret of eternal joy thought who might be listening.

A step near at hand made her look up suddenly from under the deep rim of her sun-hat. There stood Guy Fosdick only a few feet from her. He lifted his cap and approached at once. "This is a most lucky accident for me, Miss Dare," he said, very gallantly. "How long have you been here?" and he gave her his hand.

There was nothing for Lenox to do, but give hers in turn. It was a little, ungloved hand, the soft fingers wet and rather soiled by contact with sand and rock. The truth was, Guy Fosdick's appearance on the scene was anything but agreeable to her. Lenox had her moods of liking to be alone. That wide beach, with all its wonders laid here by the outgoing tide was sufficient companionship for her. Fine manners and gallant speeches would come like a discord into that time and place.

Lenox had no more art than a child. Young Fosdick detected her real feeling in her first half-dis-mayed glance. "She's anything but glad to see me," he said to himself, and the man of the world was a good deal nettled.

"I have no idea how long I have been here," replied Lenox, very gravely, as she stood before him, with her basket in one hand. "It must be a good while, I think. I came down to hunt for—all kinds of sea things."

"And I wandered down here for no reason in the world that I could give to myself. How could I have any suspicion that the sea-nymph of the rocks was flitting among the stones at low tide?"

"I suppose people who come to the beach can hardly help occasionally stumbling upon each other," answered Lenox, with the quaint, old-fashioned air that belonged to her infancy.

Young Fosdick had a keen sense of humor. "That tone and look would not have misbecome my venerable grandmother," he said to himself. "But what a hopeless simpleton it must be! She actually believes our meeting here is a pure accident!"

He could not imagine another girl existed who would not have perceived at once that he had contrived to bring about this interview. But he kept up his *rôle* admirably. The fact that Lenox wished him away made him only more bent on remaining. He did his best to be useful and agreeable. It was not strange that he succeeded. He set to work helping Lenox in her hunt for all the curious treasures of the beach, and soon became interested himself, and rendered her immense assistance, for which she was heartily grateful. In this eager search, in this wide, out-door life, the acquaintance grew naturally and easily. Young Fosdick had no idea of spending an hour in a young lady's society without attempting to carry on a flirtation; but significant looks and subtle flatteries glanced away from Lenox like arrows from charmed armor. She either could not or would not understand, he thought. But the more he talked with her the more interested young Fosdick became. That was almost invariably the case when people conversed with Lenox Dare. In her companionship, the young man's best self came more and more to the surface. The two were very merry over their hunt for rare shells and specimens of sea-weed. It was not easy work to clamber around the wet boulders and among the tangled, slippery weed, and Lenox, light and agile as she was, met with a good many small catastrophies, and the merriment that followed only gave new zest to the toil and the pleasure, and brought the two into closer acquaintance.

In a little while Lenox's first shyness with strangers wore off, and she was as much at her ease with young Fosdick as she would have been with Ben Mavis or one of her school-fellows. She flashed into all sorts of moods; she made the gayest, cleverest, quaintest speeches. She even, without dreaming of it, put Guy Fosdick on his mettle. If she surprised him one moment by her ignorance and simplicity, she startled him the next by her swift intelligence, by a knowledge of books, which, at her age, seemed simply incredible.

When, late in the afternoon, the tide turned, Lenox's basket was filled with all sorts of curious moss and shells, of beach-weed and fungi. By this time the young people were on a most friendly footing. Slightly wearied by their sharp exercise, the two climbed up the rocks and sat down in the shelter of a little arbor built just above the highest tide-mark.

"One does not forage in vain in that wonderful world of the sea. I should have missed the best of my treasures if you had not appeared at the right moment, Mr. Fosdick," said Lenox, glancing with

delighted eyes at the basket he set down at her feet.

"You are not sorry, then, Miss Dare, that we met accidentally this afternoon?" inquired Guy; and then he thought what a perfectly arranged accident it was, when he had been watching her at least half an hour from the bluffs at Boar's Head.

"Sorry!" repeated Lenox. Then she added, in her simple, cordial fashion, "I am heartily glad you appeared just as you did, Mr. Fosdick."

"But you were not that at first. I saw with a glance that I was *de trop*, Miss Dare."

He said this half for the purpose of testing her. He was curious to see how far this girl's simple, limpid truthfulness would carry her. Would she have the courage to own to his face that she had been sorry to see him?

The red which the salt breeze had stung in Lenox's cheeks deepened a shade.

"I beg you will excuse me, Mr. Fosdick," she said. "I did not mean to be rude."

"You were not in the least, Miss Dare. It was not your fault, certainly, if you were not glad to see me."

"But I was," answered Lenox, looking at him with bright, steady eyes, "*in a little while*."

"That bit of feminine frankness was heroic!" thought the young man. "What a puzzling little specimen it is—refreshing, too, after a fellow has been pretty thoroughly bored with the cut-and-dried patterns!"

They walked home in the sunset; they heard the voices of the returning tide; they watched the glories of color in the west, the burning crimson, the soft lilacs with primrose edges.

"Oh, I wish I had Dainty here!" suddenly cried Lenox, turning to her companion with eyes that radiated light. "How we would scamper over those sands and down into that surf!"

"Who is Dainty?" asked the young man, with a good deal of interest.

"Oh, I forgot! Of course you do not know!" she exclaimed, and then she went on to describe, as nobody else could, the handsome, gentle, little thoroughbred, fleet as the wind, yet docile to her voice and hand as a pet fawn.

"No doubt you and Dainty would enjoy the scene vastly; but what would become of *me*?"

Guy contrived to get some very subtle meanings into his glance and tone as he asked this question.

"In any case you would find a thousand ways to amuse you in this glorious place," answered Lenox.

The most finished coquette could not have rivaled the light indifference of her tone.

"She would actually prefer her horse this moment to my society," thought Guy Fosdick, and afterward he redoubled his efforts to be agreeable.

When the two parted at the gate he had won a promise from Lenox, that she would allow him to call the next morning, and accompany her in her walk on the beach.

That very night sad tidings came from the Berkshire Hills. Ben Mavis's aunt had grown worse and neither he nor his mother could leave the invalid for the present.

The Fates seemed to conspire to throw Lenox into young Fosdick's society at this juncture. A breezy, merry walk on the beach and among the rocks consumed the forenoon. Lenox's companion was familiar with the coast, and prided himself on being a good oarsman. He waxed quite eloquent, dilating on the fascinations of rocking out on the blue waves in a little row-boat. Lenox was eager to enjoy the novel sensation for herself, and when Guy proposed to take her out for a little sail next day, she at once accepted his offer.

For the first time, Lenox Dare found herself gliding over blue, tumbling waves in a fairy craft. The delicious motion, the mystery of the glancing, heaving world below, fairly intoxicated her with delight. She sat still most of the time watching the waves or gazing like one in a blissful dream on young Fosdick who managed the small craft admirably. They were out for a couple of hours. As the young man brought his boat in shore, Lenox, her cheeks stung by the sea-air into the reddest bloom, looked at him with happy, grateful eyes and said she should never forget that he had given her her first sail on the sea.

In days that followed, the young people saw more and more of each other. They had walks on the shingle and rambles in the woods. In the absence of her friends, Guy took on himself, naturally and gracefully, the office of Lenox's escort around the coast. He was familiar with it for miles, and in his company she visited many an interesting and picturesque point to which she could never have gone by herself. Guy repeated wonderful old legends and ballads which haunt the shores, he related some of the family traditions which the farmers and fishermen talk over in winter nights when the wild storms beat around Hampton Beach. In a thousand ways he made that waiting by the sea something delightful and vivid to Lenox Dare—something which it could never have been without him.

The charm of her fresh, guileless nature gained a stronger hold upon him every day. He had never been so simple and manly in his life. He forgot, sometimes for hours together, in this girl's bright, frank companionship, in her quaintness, her playfulness, her cleverness, the flirtations and the flatteries that had thus far been Guy Fosdick's principal rôle with young women.

And Lenox Dare, in a very passion of delight with the new world around her, talked and jested, was grave or gay with this elegant young man of the world, with no more thought of feminine arts and airs—no more notion of making him fall in love with her than the birds who were singing away the June in the green Hampton woods.

And Guy Fosdick knew that perfectly; and sometimes the knowledge nettled him.

(To be continued.)

VOL. XLVII.—14.

MY SWEETHEART.

WOULD you see my little sweetheart?
Would you hold her in your arms?
And you will not try to steal her?
Love is quick to sound alarms.

Oh, my sweetheart! She's the sweetest,
And the fairest ever seen;
She is queen of baby-angels,
And she bears a queenly mien.

Little sweetheart coos and nestles
Close upon my pulsing heart;
May the warmth to-day refreshing
Nevermore from it depart.

Sweetheart's tiny hand, and dimpled,
Presseth on my glowing cheek;
Oh, the thrill the small touch giveth,
Making glad and strong the weak.

The blue eyes of little sweetheart
Utter to me royal things;
And the rosy mouth, though silent,
Blissful airs forever sings.

In my circling arms dwells sweetheart,
And my bosom is her home;
Happy breast! With such a tenant,
Happier, if it never roam.

Thanks to God for little sweetheart,
There's no dearer one than she,
And I wonder daily, hourly,
How she ever came to me.

Oh, to grow more like my sweetheart,
Purer, truer, nobler-souled,
I, the mother, am aspiring,
I, a wee one in Christ's fold.

Yes, I love my little sweetheart,
And I love the Lord of love;
Heart to heart we live in rapture
By and by to live above.

Kiz.

A MISTAKE.

LITTLE Rosy Red-cheek said unto a clover:
"Flower! why were you made?"

"I was made for mother,
She hasn't any other;
But you were made for no one, I'm afraid."

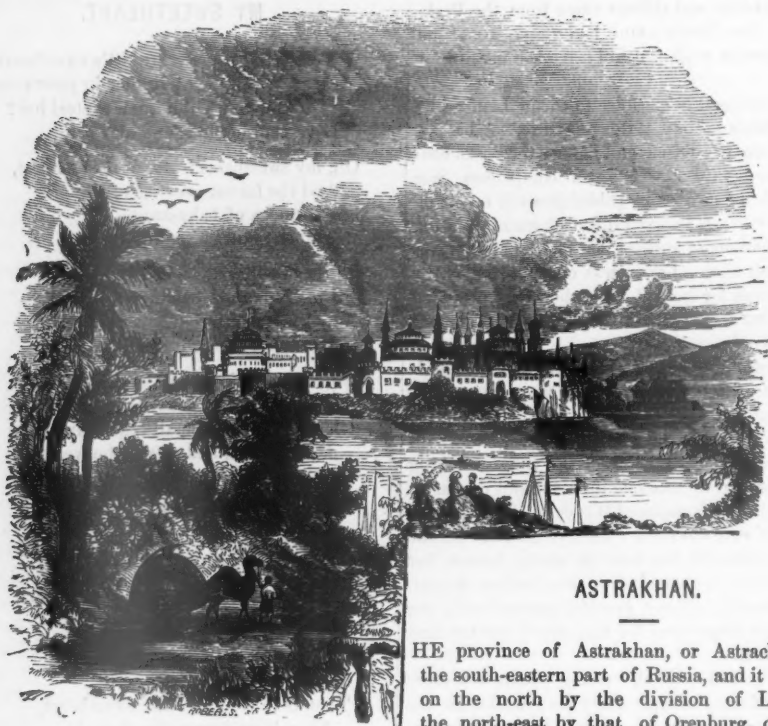
Then the clover softly unto Red-cheek whispered:
"Pluck me, ere you go."

Red-cheek, little dreaming,
Pulled, and ran off screaming,
"Oh, naughty, naughty flower! to sting me so!"

"Foolish child!" the startled bee buzzed crossly,
"Foolish not to see

That I make my honey
While the day is sunny;
That the pretty little clover lives for me!"

Mary Mapes Dodge, in *St. Nicholas*.



ASTRAKHAN.

LOST AT SEA.

THE years have slowly rolled away,
 Since o'er the sullen waters gray,
 Your ship went out at sea,
 With bitter wintery wind and waves
 Howling, from depths of waiting graves,
 A wail of agony.

A waste of raging sea before,
 Behind, a waste of frozen shore;
 The strain of sail and spar,
 The dash of angry storm and tide
 Against the trembling vessel's side,
 All hope and help afar!

This tells the story of your fate,
 O love, that through that dreadful gate
 Passed o'er the harbor bar!
 For you no more the bleak winds blow,
 For you no treacherous waters flow,
 You need no pilot star!

But, ah, for us that start from sleep
 At sound of winds and waters deep,
 And watch the beacon light—
 And know that never—nevermore—
 Will come our ship to sight or shore—
 Ours is the wreck and night!

FAUSTINE.

THE province of Astrakhan, or Astrachan, lies in the south-eastern part of Russia, and it is bounded on the north by the division of Lavator, on the north-east by that of Orenburg, on the east by the Ural River, which separates it from Asia, on the south-east by the Caspian Sea, on the south and south-west by the territory of the Caucasus, and on the west and north-west by the country of the Cossacks. Its surface is far below the level of the ocean, and from its great depression, as well as from the character of the soil, it is believed to have once been covered by the waters of the ancient inland sea, of which the Caspian is supposed to be the largest remnant. The area of Astrakhan is given as eighty-four thousand square miles. The great river Volga, flowing through it in a south-easterly direction, divides it into two nearly equal steppes. And these are among the most dreary and desolate regions on the face of the earth. Vast plateaus, undiversified by rock, or hill, or grove, the soil encrusted with saline formations, broken only by brackish lakes, pain the eye by their monotony, their sole noteworthy feature being their power of producing at times, in common with most deserts, strange optical illusions. Small bushes driven before the winds appear like huge trees torn up by the roots; human beings in the distance seem looming obelisks; and animals are frequently frightened by seeing their own reflections, many times magnified, hovering in the air.

The camel is as much at home in this part of Europe as in the similar portions of Asia and Africa with which we associate him. Wild asses and antelopes range freely throughout the domain. As one might argue from the character of the country, the

birds are mainly those of prey, songsters abounding in very small numbers. Accordingly, we discover the kite, the falcon, the pheasant, the bustard and the snipe. Troublesome creatures are not wanting, as the venomous tarantula and scorpion are seen here as well as within the Tropics, while scarce a summer passes in which the crops are not materially damaged by immense swarms of locusts. Apropos of animals, we may state that remains of fossil elephants have been unearthed.

The climate is one of great extremes, varying from seventy degrees Fahrenheit in summer, to thirteen in winter, owing to widely diverse causes—the periodical overflowing of the Volga, the flat plains, the multitude of salt lakes, the strong winds, and the proximity of the country to the Caspian Sea. As might be expected, this variable atmosphere is very unwholesome to strangers. Barren as the soil is, districts of rock-salt alternating with deep morasses destitute of any vegetation whatever, there is, however, along the banks of the river, a narrow strip of arable land rendered productive only by the greatest of care and a judicious system of irrigation. Here, early in the spring, after the snows have dissolved, the earth appears clothed in deep verdure mingled with gay flowers, and here flourishes luxuriantly an indigenous species of wormwood highly valued in commerce. Other native plants greatly esteemed are capers, onions, horseradish, asparagus and licorice, the two last being the finest of their kind known, the former having often an esculent stalk twenty inches in length, the latter, a root as thick as a man's arm. Wheat, rye, madder, grapes and cotton are cultivated, besides a limited quantity of maize and tobacco. But, however the description may sound, this fertile section is very different in appearance from the farming districts to which our American eyes, so richly dowered with beauty of sight as to have become well-nigh unappreciative, are accustomed. The vision, in this distant land, takes in one tiresome expanse of sky overhanging a dreary waste of rushes along the river-bank, and a stretch of uninteresting green plains. A piece of woodland is a thing unknown. Out in the salty, grassless, desolate steppes, miles upon miles spread afar in all directions, destitute of a single tree; within the cultivated territory are, here and there, a few poor specimens of oaks, elms, poplars, birches and mulberries. One of our ordinary picnic-woods, spread out thinly, would do duty for a whole county, as we estimate it.

While we are considering the vegetable productions, we must not omit to mention the pond-lilies. About five miles from the city of Astrakhan is almost the only place in Europe in which these superb flowers grow. They are the magnificent sacred beans, or *Nymphaea nelumbo*, of Linnaeus. The rich, dark, glossy leaves floating out upon the surface of the water are two feet in diameter, and among them rise the large, odorous, rose-colored blossoms whose perfume can be perceived for a long distance. From the earliest ages, these have been held by the people in the deepest reverence, being believed by them to

be the abode of the departed spirits of the good, and the matured capsules, from time immemorial, have been preserved by them as holy relics.

We have spoken of the strong winds which sweep over this dreary land. But their intensity is so remarkable as to deserve more than a brief allusion. We have stated that the Volga divides the country into two equal parts. But we did not say that the western and eastern banks are out of all proportion to each other. Yet such is the fact, the former being quite elevated in comparison with the latter. So that when one of these tempestuous currents of air, with its characteristic force, sweeps toward the east, it often drives before it vast volumes of water from the mighty river, which submerge the low barren level for leagues inland, frequently carrying with them an unfortunate vessel whose strange fate is to find itself at last stranded upon the plain as far as fifty miles from the great stream. The only resource of its owners, then, is to break it to pieces. A more sad sight can scarce be imagined than that of a stanch craft in perfectly good condition, yet hopelessly wrecked, with a boundless canopy of blue sky above, and a limitless reach of glittering sand spread all around, with not a vestige of smiling earth or rushing water within sight. Joaquin Miller's "Ship in the Desert" is not all imagination.

The general aridity of the soil tells us that agriculture is not the principal occupation of the inhabitants of Astrakhan, though there is sufficient work for a considerable number of farmers and graziers. Stock-raisers form an appreciable part of the population, their employment being the care of horses, goats and sheep; of the first animal, they have a peculiar breed, very small and ill-favored in appearance, but exceedingly fiery and at the same time completely tractable—these are the life, the home, and the riches of the many nomad tribes who rove within and about the borders of the territory; of the second, they keep them not so much for the milk as for the hides, a superior quality of goat's-leather being one of the principal exports; of the third, there is also a peculiar kind resembling the Cashmere, the wool of which is famous—the highly-esteemed Astrakhan fur is the fleece of the lambs. The mineral productions of the country—its salt, its gypsum, its magnesia and its saltpetre—add greatly to its resources, the average yield of the one last-named being a thousand tons a year. The manufactures are very extensive, there existing a hundred establishments in the city of Astrakhan, in which are made Cashmere shawls, silk, woolen, leather and linen goods, dyes, powder, soap and tallow, and in which are prepared for the market immense quantities of salt, caviar and isinglass. Commerce with the interior of Russia and with Persia and India is very great, as this capital is the principal depot of the trade between Asia and Eastern Europe, and as the articles interchanged are exceedingly valuable, this trade employs above five thousand vessels upon the Volga alone, besides the immense numbers plying upon the Caspian Sea between the Russian city and the Persian ports upon

its borders. But the principal source of the state's wealth is in its fisheries, which, next to those of Newfoundland, are the largest in the world. The amount derived from sturgeon-fishing exceeds two million dollars per annum.

It is estimated that the population of the metropolis is increased thirty thousand during the fishing-season. Along the outskirts may be seen numberless picturesque groups of huts made of felt, each with its little church in the midst, which temporary villages are inhabited by the fishermen. The mode of taking the fish is interesting. Several thousand Cossacks, duly licensed, hasten out upon the frozen river in their sledges, and then, with their pikes and instruments in hand, form a line, not daring to advance a step one beyond the other, for if they do, they will be struck by the guards employed to keep them in place. While awaiting their signal, they are importuned by clamorous customers, to whom the fish are sold before they are caught, the first fruits being reserved for the emperor. The word is given, the ice cut, countless prizes are taken, countless bargains are concluded, and great numbers find themselves that day many roubles richer. But not always does everything go on well. Sometimes one of those treacherous, those terrific winds, springs up suddenly, detaching and sweeping down the river and out to sea great cakes of ice with the fishermen upon it, and their only hope of escape is that the blast will just as suddenly change its direction, as it sometimes does, and blow them quite as impetuously back again. In case of such a disaster, the horses usually give foreboding signs of fear, and their owners, far from disregarding such premonitions, unquestioningly leave all their booty and hurry over the quivering ice back to shore as fast as their steeds can take them, the animals needing no urging.

The only city of much importance in Astrakhan is its capital of the same name. This lies upon an island in the Volga, about thirty miles from the mouth. From afar, the large domes and tall minarets, outlined against the azure sky and contrasted with the flat land spreading all around, give it the appearance of a very handsome town. But upon a nearer approach, it is found to be rambling and decayed, built mainly of wood, with its streets crooked, unpaved and dirty, its most striking features presenting a grotesque mixture of European and Asiatic taste. It has been tersely described as being "dusty in summer, windy in autumn, frozen up in winter, and knee-deep in mud in spring." It is divided into three districts, namely: *The Kremlin*, or Citadel, founded in 1550, which contains the Cathedral of the Assumption, the convent of the Trinity, and the palace of the archbishop; *Belogorod*, or the White Town, the place of the bazaars and government buildings; and the *Lloboda*, or suburbs, in which the bulk of the population live. Poorly-constructed as are most of the buildings, we find some spacious edifices of brick and stone. The Cathedral of the Assumption, dating from 1582, is very elegant in its way, being a large, square structure of the

former material, having four small towers at the corners, and a larger one in the centre, through which the interior is lighted; within, it is gaudily adorned, more with reference to the devotion of the semi-barbarous worshippers than to the principles of correct taste. Besides this, there are thirty-six Greek, two Armenian, two Catholic, and one Lutheran churches, several Greek and Armenian convents, fifteen Mohammedan mosques, one Hindoo temple, and we may speak, too, of a Scotch mission. The town also boasts a botanic garden, a theatre, a gymnasium, an ecclesiastical seminary, several schools, and, most remarkable of all perhaps, a printing-office for Kalmuck, the language of the tribes wandering about the neighboring wastes. One very beautiful street, or arcade, is the residence of the Persian merchants. We have already alluded to the extensive manufactories and bazaars as well as the numerous buildings connected with the commercial interests. Astrakhan, although its harbor is much obstructed with sand, also has an arsenal and dockyard for the Russian ships of war cruising in the Caspian.

The dwellers here are of many races—Russians, Georgians, Armenians, Tartars and Persians, with a small proportion of residents from Western Europe. We find among this motley assemblage a strange combination of enlightenment and barbarism, of the new and the old system of things. The Christian and the Pagan jostle each other in their every-day pursuits; the courtly scholar may hold converse with the sojourner in tents. This remarkable contrast and union is seen even in the dress of the people—the men appear in the same costume as they do everywhere throughout the civilized world; the women still go abroad in the traditional Oriental attire of loose, flowing robes and shrouding veil. The old-time Russians remain enemies to progress, and live as did their fathers centuries ago; the Georgian mechanics are bright, neat and industrious, exhibiting much taste in the decoration of their houses; the Persian merchants, luxurious as they are, conduct their affairs with great enterprise and profit; and the Hindoo tradesmen seem to have but two passions, a love of money and a love of flowers, their wealth steadily increasing, and their shops, without exception, being embellished by gardens in front and bouquets along the shelves, while the masters are never seen without nosegays in their hands. The Western European element is composed mainly of government officials, manufacturers, artists and teachers. There is little real poverty here, as the opportunities for accumulation are abundant, and as the cost of living is very cheap, one hundred dollars a year being sufficient to support an ordinary family. The population of the city of Astrakhan is about sixty thousand, and of the whole territory, six hundred thousand.

This province was first known to history as a part of the Great Mogul empire, founded by Ghengis Khan. It was wrested from it by his grandson Batu, prince of the Golden Horde, and remained independent until 1554, when it was conquered and attached to Russia by Ivan the Terrible. In 1569, the capital

was besieged by the Turks under Selim, but they were defeated by the Russians with great slaughter. In 1670, it was seized by Stenko, but he was dispossessed of it in 1671, by his uncle Jacolof, who had remained faithful to the czar. In 1722, it was the head-quarters of the operations of Peter the Great, in South-eastern Russia. It was nearly destroyed by conflagrations in 1702, 1718 and 1767, it was plundered by the Persians in 1719, and devastated by the cholera in 1830.

Some doubt exists as to the site of the ancient capital, there being two extensive ruins, evidently of Tartar origin, one near the present metropolis, the other about fifty miles further up the river, either of which might well lay claim to this distinction, and from both of which great quantities of stone have been taken for the foundations of the modern city. The sepulchral mound near Prishibinski is the most interesting of the country's ancient remains. It is raised upon a quadrangular structure of earth, and consists of six flat vaults built against each other, the whole eighteen feet in height, and nine hundred feet in circumference. The stones are massive, and the mortar with which they are cemented has become quite as hard, firmly resisting any impression. From the ornaments and vases found within, this seems to have been built as the burial-place of some royal family.

And thus we have endeavored to give, within a small compass, a correct idea of the location, soil, climate, animals, vegetable and mineral productions, industries, natural features, people, history and antiquities of this one small portion of the vast dominions embraced within the bounds of Russia—a country which, how strange the thought! sweeping half-way around the world, was only recently almost our next-door neighbor. We should feel a great interest in every part of it, for it was from this same government to which Astrakhan owes allegiance—the warrior government, founded, extended and upheld by the power of the sword—that we, professedly a nation of peace, gained our only territorial possession unsealed by the shedding of blood. H.

UNLESS.

UNLESS the sunset faded from the west,
The gold, the purple, crimson, amethyst,
In gloaming's somber shadows laid to rest,
Who could behold the myriad jewels bright
Relieved against the velvet robe of night?
Unless the year grew old, and went to sleep
'Mid requiem music, dolorous and deep,
And half-breathed sighs from woes too sad to weep,
Who then could pass the greeting glad and true,
Who with quick pulses welcome in the new?
Unless the night of sorrow, pain and care
Waved its black wings and shadowed all the air,
'Till darkness felt were round us everywhere;
Who to the east would turn and prayerful wait
The glorious op'ning of the morning gate?

S. J. JONES.

NINA'S MISSION.

"I CAN'T give it up. Oh. I *can't!*" exclaimed Nina Atwood, passionately, as she threw herself upon the green turf in the old orchard and wept bitter, disappointed tears. Birds twittered and squirrels scolded in the boughs above her; the air was filled with the balmy fragrance of an August afternoon, but Nina heeded not the "summer sights and sounds;" and so wholly unconscious was she of her surroundings, that she did not notice the light footsteps approaching, nor see the tender face of Aunt Ruth bending over her. A soft hand smoothed her curls, and the head of the weeping girl was drawn tenderly into Aunt Ruth's lap.

"O auntie! why did you come? I was trying to fight the battle out alone," sobbed Nina. "It is so hard, so hard."

"What is it, dear? Tell auntie all about it," she urged, in the soft, soothing tone she used to comfort Nina with long ago.

When but a little child, Nina always went to Aunt Ruth with her troubles, sure of sympathy. Now her calm, loving presence soothed her, and she replied: "Yes, Aunt Ruth, I can tell you, for *you* always understand me. I sometimes think you are the only one that does," added Nina, wearily.

"Don't say that, dear. There is One who knows and loves you far better than I can."

A shade of self-reproach crossed the girl's face as she said: "I fear I almost forgot Him in my grief. But, after all, my sorrow is because I am disappointed in the work I was to do for Him. And now I am to tell you all about it. Well, Aunt Ruth, you know how I always longed to devote my life to teaching; and recently, while having a talk with my old teacher on the subject, he told me that after two or three terms at the State Normal, he thought he could easily obtain a position for me. Two or three terms at the State Normal! I hardly dared think of it, much less to mention it to father; but Mr. Bates, my dear old teacher, plead my cause faithfully, and at length father gave his consent; and, Aunt Ruth, it was the very happiest day of my life when I learned that I might really go. You know how I feel about this. While teaching is to some merely a means of gaining a living, to me it seems a high and holy mission. What to some is tiresome drudgery, would, to me, be delightful service. O auntie! don't you think it a grand thing to be a teacher?"

"Yes, dear niece, a teacher's is indeed a labor of love, or, at least, it should be. Her influence is only second to the mother's."

"I fully realize it," replied Nina, eagerly, "and I have lain awake far into the night thinking of the little ones who would cluster around me, and how I would win their love and teach them to be noble men and women; and, most of all, I have thought of how I would teach them sweet lessons of Jesus and His love, and win their young hearts to Him. Oh, how sweet it would be to work in His vineyard!"

Nina's eyes were bright with tears as she ceased

speaking. This was a long-cherished dream of hers; but a sudden thought of the present caused her to bury her face in her hands and sob: "Oh, *must* I give it all up?"

"Why must you, child?" questioned her aunt.

"Father has changed his mind. He says he cannot spare the money to send me to school; and, besides, mother needs my help; so I must give up my 'whim,' as he calls it, and settle down to work, for he has discharged Mary. Oh dear, and I was to start for school next week!"

Aunt Ruth wisely restrained all words of counsel until Nina had recovered somewhat from the tempest of sobs which followed this indignant outburst. She only held her close in the loving clasp that means so much.

Aunt Ruth's own girlhood had been dwarfed and blighted, and she had not forgotten it. Some people are so prone to forget that they were ever young, and, becoming wrapped up in their own interests and the cares and burdens of the present, they too often neglect the young hearts around them longing for sympathy and encouragement. Some people would have smiled at Nina's "girlish whim," but Aunt Ruth knew something of the bitter disappointment that was felt by the sensitive yet ambitious heart of her niece. She knew of the cold, selfish father, the sickly, fault-finding mother, and the petty cares of every-day life on a farm that galled and fretted such a nature as Nina's. She knew of the longing for culture and refinement that was now denied in a great degree. Impulsive and warm-hearted, Nina longed to do some great good; to accomplish her "mission," which she fondly deemed to be—teaching. Although she was striving to be a follower of the Master, she had not yet learned the lesson of patience. She was willing and anxious to work; but it must be in that part of the vineyard *she* had chosen. She was sincere when she thought she had laid her all on the altar of consecration; but I fear there was some rebellious self-will remaining which needed strong discipline to uproot.

"Well, Aunt Ruth," said Nina at length, with a sigh, "I suppose I must give up my mission, and settle down to the humdrum life I have lived heretofore, with never an idea above housework."

"On the contrary, my dear, I think your mission has come to you."

Nina opened her eyes in surprise. "What do you mean, Aunt Ruth?"

"The highest mission any one can have is to do God's will; and it seems to be His will that at present you should take up the household duties and do them patiently and cheerfully for His sake; and yet you rebel. Ah, Nina, I fear it is your will instead of His that you are following."

"I fear you are right," said Nina, humbly; "but I did think it was all for Him, this work that I long to do."

"I know your feelings, Nina dear; but you must learn to love duty in every place and form. If you are to do some great work, you can be fitted for it

only by taking up present duty and doing it faithfully. And," continued Aunt Ruth, in her low, sweet voice, "I am not sure but the work you are called to do now is far greater than the other. God does not look at these things as we do. He must have a reason for wishing you to do this. Do not imagine that because you cannot choose your own work you must be idle. There is work around you to busy heart and hands all the time. Think of your position as an only daughter. You can be the light and joy of your father's old age. And think how much comfort you can bring to your sick mother. She needs your sympathy sadly. Nina, you must not judge your mother too harshly; remember the weary years of pain that have driven nearly all the brightness out of her life. The one warm spot in her heart is for you, for she does love you dearly. Ah, Nina, mother-love is very precious, and when your dear mother is taken from you, you will thank God that you did not leave her in her declining years. Stranger hands can care for the bodily wants; but just now she needs the warm, tender love of a daughter."

"I have not done my duty by her," said Nina; "but from this day I will strive to be a truer daughter to her."

"May God help you," said Aunt Ruth, reverently.

"You have set me to thinking, auntie. I mean to follow out your suggestions, and perhaps my humble service may prove acceptable to the Master. But, oh, what an infinite amount of patience I shall need."

"He that taketh not his cross and followeth after me is not worthy of me," quoted Aunt Ruth. "If your cross is to give up your cherished plan and devote yourself to these humble duties, then take it up *cheerfully*; do not let it make you sad and fretful; remember that 'even Christ pleased not Himself,' and 'the servant is not greater than his lord.' Your way will not be all sunshine; but if you only are steadfast, you may accomplish much good."

"Perhaps you are right," said Nina, with a little sigh; "but this is all so different from the life I had planned. Speaking of trials," she went on, "do you know that my greatest trials are with brother Dick?"

"Yes, I know," said Aunt Ruth, "and I am glad for his sake that you are to stay at home. But, Nina, in all kindness let me suggest that your influence over Dick is not what it should be."

Nina flushed at these words. She knew she was too impatient with her wayward brother, but he was so trying.

"Well, auntie," said she, "I have almost given up ever trying to make anything of Dick. I've lectured him by the hour, and you can see how little good it does. He knows well enough how I disapprove of his bad habits; but he grows worse and worse; and with his vulgar language, late hours and bad companions, he is growing almost unbearable. Indeed, father has threatened to turn him off if he doesn't give up his rough ways. I am afraid he will disgrace us all some time."

"Nina, Nina!" said Aunt Ruth, reproachfully, "would Dick turn away from home for pleasure if it

was as attractive as you might make it? Nina, Dick has been lectured too much. Have you tried to love him back to the right path? I am afraid my little niece is sadly neglecting the duty which lies nearest her."

This was a new thought to Nina. Was not this a "mission" worth striving for—to win an only brother from the ways of sin that he was fast entering upon?

Aunt Ruth saw she had made an impression upon Nina, and long and lovingly did she talk with her of her duty toward her erring brother. When, at last, Nina returned to the house, it was with brighter hopes and nobler purposes than when she left it.

"Dick shall *not* go to the tavern to-night," said she to herself, as she went about to lay a cheerful little tea to welcome him when he came in.

That night her mother's heart was made glad by the tender attention of her daughter, and even father was constrained to join in the cheerful tea-table talk.

"Dick," said Nina, suddenly, "what do you say to going calling with me this evening?"

"If you are going my way, all right; if you are going to Wiltons, not for Jo; they are too tony for this chile."

Now this was just where Nina was going, and she was tempted to go alone, as she had often done, and leave Dick to go his way; but a thought of Aunt Ruth's counsel decided her, and she answered good-humoredly: "I'm sure I don't wish to frustrate any of your plans; perhaps I can make mine coincide with them. Where were you going?"

"To the village."

"I thought so," was Nina's mental comment; then aloud: "Well, that is lucky. I do want to get a new book from the library, and don't fancy walking a mile alone after dark."

"So you think poor company better than none," put in Dick, roughly.

"No such thing, sir; and for that saucy speech you are condemned to be your sister's gallant for the evening."

The tea-things were soon washed and set away. Nina donned her pretty walking-suit, for, thought she, Dick must not be ashamed of his sister.

"Now, Master Dick, are you ready for your task?" she called out, gayly.

"At your service, Miss Atwood," and they started out together chatting merrily.

Nina was determined to make herself agreeable, and Dick was compelled to acknowledge to himself that Nina was "something of a girl after all."

The library reached, Dick's taste was consulted in the choice of books. "For," said Nina, "you know you are to read to me while I sew."

"Don't be too sure," growled Dick; but inwardly he felt somewhat flattered, for he was a good reader, and knew it, and was pleased to have his sister appreciate him.

The book was selected, and, after a call at the post-office, Dick proposed that Nina should call at Brown's while he "kept an engagement" at the tavern.

"O Dick, don't go there to-night! You are sure to

get into bad company. And only last night you came home your breath smelling of liquor!" exclaimed Nina, hastily.

"Pretty baby am I, if I can't choose my own company! I allow you the same privilege."

Nina saw she must change her tactics, so with an arch smile she said: "You forget you are Miss Atwood's attendant. I never had an escort before who would leave me to go home alone in the dark."

Dick half relented. "But why can't you step in at Brown's?" he asked.

"Five reasons," she retorted. "Are they enough?"

"Name them."

"First, I prefer your company; second, I have some mending to do before I go to bed; third, father will want his paper; fourth, mother must have her letters; fifth, I must hear a chapter from that new book to-night. Now, after such an array of reasons, can you resist?"

"I suppose I'll have to give in; but it's mighty mean that a fellow must break an engagement just to please his sister."

Nina took no notice of this surly speech, for she had gained the day, and was well pleased. She little knew what she had accomplished that night.

The next day, news came of a drunken quarrel which had taken place at the tavern the night before.

"'Twas whisky did it," said the neighbor who told them. "Whisky and cards. Some one accused another of cheating in the game; words were followed by blows, and two fellows are badly hurt. But one other is hurt worse, I fear, for they have lodged him in jail. When a boy of young Lincoln's age gets to that, he is pretty sure to go on from bad to worse."

"Fred Lincoln!" exclaimed Nina and Dick in a breath, for he was Dick's most intimate friend.

In a moment the neighbor left, and Nina, from the fullness of her heart, hid her face and wept.

"Why, sis, what are you crying for?" asked Dick.

"O Dick, let us thank God you were not there!" was all she said; but her emotion touched Dick, and with a quick movement he touched his lips to her hand and left the room.

Impulsive, hot-headed Dick! If he had been there, he would have sided with his friend, and doubtless shared in his disgrace.

"O merciful Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast spared him from this!" murmured Nina, and from the depths of her full heart went up a cry of thanksgiving that she had been the means used by God to keep her brother from temptation.

As for Dick, the events of the evening had startled him, and for a time he turned his back upon his old ways; but habit is strong, and he soon would have broken his good resolutions had not the gentle, patient sister used her influence to the utmost to keep him from evil.

Often did she give up in despair; but with Aunt Ruth's kindly counsel, and with help from on high, she would take new courage to persevere in her labor of love, until at last her brother was quite won over.

"O Aunt Ruth!" she exclaimed, when, a few years

later, she was talking of her past life, "I am sure I am not conceited in thinking that I have been the means used by God to make my brother what he now is."

"Yes, Nina," responded her aunt, "he well merits that noblest of all titles—Christian gentleman; and I am sure that under God he owes a great deal of it to you."

"Yes, auntie, and the thought makes me feel very humble. Oh, what am I that God should intrust so great a work in my hands! I have been living over the past, Aunt Ruth, and I see so much to be thankful for. I am so thankful that I found my mission to be at home with my own loved ones."

And so Aunt Ruth looked into the happy face, and thought of the little home that was made bright by her presence; of the feeble parents and fond, manly brother, who depended so much upon Nina; and then thought of what might have been. She replied from a full heart: "Yes, my niece, yours is indeed a blessed mission, and you are far happier than you would be if you had followed your own inclinations in your choice of a life-work."

And Nina acknowledged that it was even so.

LUELLA HEATH.

BY THE HEDGES.

I AM waiting for you, Ailie, I am waiting by the hedges,

Where the hawthorn bloom is dropping off and the early roses blow;

The misty light is gathering on the hilly crags and ledges,

And yonder in the cloud-lined west the sun is sinking low.

I am waiting for you, Ailie, and the crescent moon is beaming;

One little star is shining now all faintly through the blue;

A bird trills out an evening song, it mingles with my dreaming,

And even as I wait and dream it seems to sing of you.

And, "Ailie, Ailie, Ailie," I think I hear it calling,

"The evening shadows lengthening on the hills and valley play;

On the fields and by the river-bank the dew of night is falling,

And the roses send their perfume out to meet you on your way."

Hush, my heart! I hear her footstep now just where the woods are ended;

Ah, the air is full of sweetness as she comes, my only dear,

And the sweetness and the singing and the evening light are blended;

The bird, the roses and the stars are waiting with me here.

EDYTH KIRKWOOD.

FADING FOOT-PRINTS; OR, THE LOWLY LIVES OF LONG AGO.

No. 4.

LAST evening, after the lamps were lighted, father and I were sitting quietly by the stove speaking never a word. Everything seemed unusually lonely for that hour. I was leaning back watching Charlie in his cage in the window, thinking how like the life of a dear little canary are the lives of some women. A small round of gayety, and that is all.

Suddenly I remembered why the evening was one of unusual quiet; we'd had no supper, no cheery teatable with its white cloth, and glistening china, and steaming urn. Just to see how it would look and taste, we'd had mush and milk, and never from my own earliest childhood had we regarded that as supper—nothing like it at all; for it was, as our old widowed neighbor said after the death of her husband, "So lonely! Oh, so lonely!" This she had waived out through her nose two years after his death, over the doleful prospect that his place would in all probability never be filled.

Finally I said: "O father, I don't see how you ever did live through your supperless childhood, and grow up to man's estate robust and hearty, and with such a compact, well-knit frame! Didn't you nearly starve? Come, now, own up!"

But the old Spartan wouldn't do it. He said in a soft, slow voice, as though feeling his way, lest he commit himself: "Mush made of corn-meal was good when we had salt in it; but when we couldn't get the salt it went a little hard. And my mother made butter, so that the milk was always skimmed that we ate. But when our mush and corn-bread was made of pounded corn, it was so tasteless that a full meal of it seemed to contain no nourishment whatever. It was so unlike corn-meal, more like the pasty, starchy grits which we buy at the grocery nowadays. Without salt it was intolerable; but it was that or nothing at all.

"I was just thinking," father continued, "that it was sixty-nine years ago to-day since we landed in this part of the State. We started from Newark, Ohio, on the first day of February, and reached our destination on the evening of the fourth. It required several blocks then in which to pound corn to make bread for four or five families. The blocks were made by building a small fire in the centre of a solid stump or log, and burning out a round hole, then hollowing it out into the shape of a deep bowl. The corn was placed in this and pounded with a maul and iron wedge until it was all broken up fit to make into mush and bread. For a rare meal, or for lunch before retiring, we often pounded parched corn and ate it."

Our talk drifted on from one topic to another in pioneer life, when suddenly, with a burst of laughter, I said: "O father, if you'd only been at that golden wedding with me last week! It was so good, and we had so much fun! While I was reading my address,

one old man in the corner of the crowded parlor whooped out with all the joyous abandon of frolicsome boyhood, and laughed as cheerily as a robin. It was where I told how the children used to sleep when the preacher came to stay all night. And at dinner we sat at the table among the old folks—the kind whose childhood was full of privations like yours—and you cannot think how our heart went out toward them. One man, one of the soundest, cheeriest, sweetest old souls, told us when he was a boy they lived in a cabin so small that they could not spare the room in the corner for the ladder to stand, and so they entered the loft from the outside of the house. A square hole was cut through for an entrance, and the ladder leaned up to it beside the chimney. When the boys went to bed at night, they often waded knee-deep in the snow to reach the ladder."

At this father laughed immoderately. We thought it serious, and told him so.

"I wa'n't laughing at the idea of poor bare-legged boys skipping round the outside of the cabin on their way to bed," said he, "but I was reminded of the Lanebarger's, long ago. That was the way they lived; hadn't room inside to put up a ladder, and the entrance was outside. Dave, the oldest boy, became enamored of one of the Goosvelt girls; and though his mother said all she could to keep Dave away from old man Goosvelt's, it did no good. The girls were very handsome—that is, handsome for those days—stout-limbed, full-bosomed, sunburned, muscular, red-cheeked, and with teeth gleaming white as any shark's. But they'd rather shoot at a mark than get a good dinner; rather ride bare-backed and on the keen jump than to set up stitches in knittin' work, or hackle flax or spin tow. They could row a canoe like an Indian, and fleetier girls on foot I never saw. But that was neither here nor there, for if they had no appetite for housework and home-keepin', they wouldn't amount to much in those days.

"One night, what does Dave do but sneak off after his stent was done and marry Ruth. Now they were as poor as the law allowed at old man Goosvelt's, only had three beds all told, and two of them had three lodgers apiece, and the other one four. They had no accommodations for any more; and when the family retired early, Dave and Ruth were left sitting there on one of the little benches. Dave said, 'S'posin' we move to-night?' And so they 'moved.' Ruth took her linen dress, and handkerchief, and apron, and some dried plums, and the candle-moulds that she found—lost out of a mover's wagon—and tied them up in a bag, and they started for his home. The family were all in bed, and the house was dark. Now the Lanebargers were no richer in this world's goods—excepting the land they had squatted on—than were the other family; and the mother divined the truth, but she kept her counsel to herself, and said nothing, and pretended she was asleep when the movers stopped and came to the door. Dave didn't knock, of course, because he was at home; he just gave the latch a quiet pull with the leather string,

and stood inside. The situation was a leetle queer for Ruth, and she stood close up to Dave, her heart stirred like, and beatin' fast enough.

"'Mamma,' said Dave. No answer. The mother, young and healthy, and full of fun, pretended to sleep soundly and hear not. 'Mamma, I say!' piped Dave, a sense of shame creeping over him, no doubt. No answer. 'Mamma, mamma, I say! I'm here!' he spoke out several octaves higher than before.

"The loud breathing was stilled, and the mother said: 'Is that you, David?'

"To which he replied, sheepishly: 'We've moved.'

"The mother coughed, and that was all the answer she gave.

"'Where'll we sleep, mamma?' he whined out.

"'Why, sleep where you allus did, in with Tom and Nathan,' was the sweeping reply.

"Was there ever a cooler reception for bridegroom and bride? There they stood. Life was all before them, but what a beginning! The cabin was dark as pitch. Poor Dave, who had rushed blindly into matrimony, married without reckoning, moved without consultation, reached out his hand to take that of the sanguine Ruth, and in a dazed way caught hold of the knob on top of the post of a big spinning-wheel, and stood there, convicted. Finally he said: 'Mamma, we're here; we've moved.'

"'Yes,' said she, curtly, 'and I think it's time that all honest folks were abed. You must be a real owl of a youth to stand there sight-seeing in the dark. Why don't you go to bed?'

"'She's here, too; we've moved,' was the reply, 'and I don't know where to sleep.'

"'Tom and Nate sleep in the bunk in the fur corner o' the loft, an' you ought to know by this time where your lodging place is. You are aware that we don't keep a public house with lodgings to let;' and the mother turned her face to the wall and closed her eyes.

"Now, the ladder stood on the outside of the cabin, and the mode of ingress was a square hole cut through the building. It was the first ladder Mr. Lanebarger ever made, and it was done by guess-work. He had no rule of measurement, and instead, he stepped off on the ground the length from one round to another. This was a poor rule. The whole length of the ladder, according to this measure, required only four rounds. When Dave essayed to escort his wife up the ladder he found that she couldn't ascend. Here was another dilemma. Could she pull herself up by one of his legs left dangling? No, she couldn't do that. Could she clamber along if he held one arm down? No, her weight was too much avoirdupois.

"The matter was serious, it was nothing to laugh over. So they didn't laugh. And she was too stolid to indulge in tears. Dave said 'Ding it all!' more than a dozen times, but that let no light into the darkness. Finally, by some strategy, or system of management, they both got up the ladder, and they slept, somehow.

"A daughter-in-law nowadays who met no kindlier greeting when she moved home to her husband's relatives would be very apt to shed tears in secret."

Then father told who were the descendants of Dave and Ruth, the great-grandsons and daughters, and we were surprised to know that Ada Brooks, the pretty schoolma'am that the little ones all love so dearly, was a great-granddaughter of the gawky pair who packed up their dried plums and candle moulds, and moved one night under such unfavorable circumstances. But Ada has more pluck than Ruth had, for she could catch on the round of a ladder above her bonnie curls and swing herself up as lightly as a squirrel.

Then I said, musing: "Sixty-nine years ago to-night; and you were all very poor, father, weren't you?"

"Yes," he replied, "we owned nothing except the few house'old goods, a couple of cows, a span of old crow-bait creatures, two dogs and a tolerable wagon. The cows gave good milk, and we men and boys did fair, full day's work on three meals of mush and milk—morning, noon and night. Beats all how many nice things a woman can contrive out of corn-meal nowadays when she has plenty to do with, but in those times she couldn't do much with such scanty means. I can hardly taste turnips," he continued, "without feeling myself to be a boy again working in these bottom fields among the roots and stumps, hoeing corn. My mother used to send our dinners out to the field, and it was nearly always turnips with a plentiful dressing of butter, and corn pone or fried mush. Hunger made the humble repast taste good."

"Didn't you boys enjoy gathering nuts every fall?" I asked.

"That was about all the recreation and fun we had," was the reply. "We would work hard and gain time so as to gather nuts on Saturdays. The finest hazelnuts grew over on the hill-sides, yonder, and beyond Black's over at the wind-fall. We could load up both creatures with them. There was no road then, but we followed the Indian trail—let one horse walk behind the other until we came to where the one traveled highway was. Walnuts and butternuts grew in the valley, and chestnuts on the ridges. It was not like it is now, a boy to every chestnut-tree. One could go out and gather and leave the heap lying on the ground until he was ready to take it home."

"Those were good times even if we did feel the pinchings of poverty and endure the privations incident to life in the far West. I wouldn't like to live them over again," said father, as he smoothed one hand down the other in a comforting way, "not now, since all these blessings and luxuries have come to me in my old age. But it's 'mazin' strange that I feel, when I stand on the railroad bridge and watch the train whiz by, and think of the times when its track through the valley was a forest and a thicket almost impenetrable. Its tread makes the very graves of the old pioneers tremble."

ROSELLA RICE.

THE PROVERBIAL SKELETON.

TIS said we each and every one have such a thing, and looking around among our friends and neighbors we cannot but admit it. Still, I do not know of anything harder to look pleased with, than to have one take out his or her skeleton and rattle it before our defenseless eyes.

I went yesterday up to neighbor Grant's for a "soaking" of dry yeast. And such nice dry yeast as she always keeps! She gave it cheerfully, and then I sat down to rest awhile. Poor, little woman! Her special skeleton is a stout, hearty step-son of sixteen, or thereabout. She told me, while the tears rolled over her rosy cheeks, of how, just that morning, when she checked him for spilling some water on her clean kitchen floor, he had tipped over the whole bucket, and to her remonstrance, had answered that he wasn't going to be "nagged at by any old step-mother." And a fresh burst of tears concluded. I asked if his father would permit such conduct.

"Oh, well, he's easy set against me, too, and ever since his aunt has lived on the next farm, Harry has never been the same boy. And I've brought him up, ever since he was four years old, and I loved him, and still love him as if he were my own. And to call me a *step-mother*!"

I comforted her, telling her that even own mothers had to endure a great deal in rearing their families, and that although Harry might be led astray by bad counsel, still his better nature would assert itself and he would yet, as she fondly hoped, be the stay and support of her old age. And as we talked, she grew more cheerful, and I left her in her snug little kitchen, looking so much in place among the bright tinware, with a perfectly clean floor and a stove in which everything else was reflected, and thought: "How sad that a dreadful skeleton is hidden there."

On my way home, remembering that I had heard that little Tommy Jones was ill, I stopped at Widow Jones's. The prettiest little nest for a home! In summer a perfect bower of green vines and sweet flowers, and now, in winter, sweet with the perfume of house-plants, and merry with the songs of two well-kept canaries. Before John, the widow's son, married pretty Matty Gordon, I used to think the place just perfect—after that, I thought that Matty was just the one thing wanted to make it so. And the two sweet little children just seemed companions for the birds. As I entered, I detected immediately that feeling in the air which shows a storm burst and not yet past. Matty's bright face was clouded, widow's eyes were red, and an air of constraint was visible, instead of the bright, cheery welcome which was usually accorded to all comers. Tommy was much better, Matty said he had been very ill for two or three days. I inquired for Widow Jones, who sat apart with an air of isolation. She replied that she was quite well, and her manner said, much better than I wish to be.

Presently Matty said: "You'll excuse me if I run over to the grocery while you are here."

I said: "Certainly," and Matty was off.

Widow looked relieved; then, after a glance through the window, after Matty's retreating form, she uncovered her skeleton, first bestowing a loving kiss upon Tommy, who lay so snugly asleep on the lounge, and drawing up the cradle beside her, the only notice she had given to the children.

"You'd never know unless you were here," she began, in a low tone, "the times I put in with that lady. Oh, dear, little I thought when John and I were so happy together, that I would see the day when I'd have no say in my own house. That even he'd turn against me."

"What may the trouble be?" said I, scarcely knowing what I ought to say.

"It's been coming on from the first. Matty's very set in all of her ways. She wants this new and that new, and this morning she was telling John that she'd like a new carpet for the front room. I just told her I thought the carpet good enough. It's not as much worn as Mrs. Baxter's, and they were got at the same time. John said he thought it would have to do awhile yet. Then you ought to have seen her—not a word she said till *he* was gone—then when I went to the kitchen, there she was crying like a baby. I told her she ought to be ashamed of herself—if Tommy'd died it would have been something to cry about. And maybe, if she took on so, Providence might give her something to fret about. Then she flared right up, and said she wished she'd died before she ever came into the house with an old Tartar that just took pleasure in thwarting her in everything. She wished she'd never seen John, and I couldn't tell you the half. It beat all. Just to think, John that could have married any girl in the country."

"And who did marry the very pick of them," I replied, "as no one knows better than you, widow. Matty is the prettiest girl in the village, and John is the handsomest man, and two such children you might travel the country for. Matty has just been feeling out of sorts. Of course, if John cannot afford the carpet she will not want it."

"He *can* afford it just as well as another," declared the old lady, testily, "he knows her temper—he daren't refuse. After he'd gone to the store, he sent up a note for her to go and select the carpet, and she wouldn't go. She said she didn't care for it now. I guess if he'd heard her after he went away, he'd not been so ready to please her."

"Well, of course he will not hear it, for we both know that we often say a great deal more than we mean when we are put out a little, and Matty is young. Dear widow, you have had much to be thankful for, and still have; as you grow older, your children will be your pleasure, and I've no doubt one of your greatest comforts will be, that you never in any way put anything between John and his wife. The thought will brighten many an hour, and bind both your children to you with bonds stronger than death. Oh, my old friend, life is far too short to darken one single day or hour with needless sorrow! The pleasure of seeing John and Matty happy will

far exceed the pleasure to be derived from knowing that *your* way of things, even if better, was taken. A son should love mother and wife, best of anything on earth, and it is cruel to make him choose between them. Too often it causes indifference to both. If they make themselves unlovely quarreling about who shall be first in his affection, when both should feel assured that his love is broad and deep enough for both." As I left, I said: "Now, tell Matty I am coming to tea soon."

I felt sad. Here were two imaginary skeletons that from being constantly rattled bade fair to make as gloomy companions as the real one. "Yes," mused I, "I decidedly prefer the old Egyptian plan. They draped the skeleton which sat at the feast so that its gastly visage might not destroy the pleasure of their quests."

And on my way, I stopped with a friend who had a *real* skeleton. But in her household they all seem quite as anxious to conceal their sorrow as others to parade it. No place can you see more cheerful faces—cheerful, not joyous. Music lends its charms, and in no way could you judge that the eldest son, the hope of the house, in his youth, the beloved of all who knew him, fell through evil companions, into evil ways. The wine-cup did its work. In a distant State, he committed, under its influence, a crime which consigned him to State's prison. And the hearts which were crushed, and well-nigh broken, had to toil on with their weary burden. But they bravely draped their skeleton with patient hope and faithful love. The ever-present sorrow only makes them pitiful to the misfortunes of others, and the one hope of their lives is, that when the end comes for their lost one, God may call him, like a wanderer, home. RUTH.

THE WOMEN OF CYPRUS.—Dr. Clarke, describing the Cyprian women, says: "The features, particularly of the women of Nicosia, are regular and dignified, exhibiting that elevated cast of countenance so universally admired in the works of the Greek artists. At present this kind of beauty seems peculiar to the women of Cyprus. * * * They possess the valuable secret of giving a brown color to the whitest locks, and also tinge the eyebrows the same hue, an act that would be highly prized in London or Paris. The most splendid colors are displayed in their habits, and are very becoming to the girls of the island. The upper robe is always of scarlet, crimson, or green silk, embroidered with gold. Like other Greek women, they wear long scarlet pantaloons, fastened round the ankle, and yellow boots, with slippers of the same color. Around the neck, and from the head, are suspended a profusion of gold coins, chains and other trinkets."

EXAMINE your lives, weigh your motives, watch over your conduct, and you will not take long to learn or discover enough to make you entertain charitable opinions of others. Be harsh in your judgment of self; be tender in your judgment of others.

OUR TRAVELING CLUB.

WE found ourselves established in Virginia for the winter, in one of the counties near the Blue Ridge, where the roads, bad in summer, are almost impassable in winter. Nor was the neighborhood a thickly-settled one; on the contrary, the farm-houses were built far apart, and a visitor was the more warmly welcomed because one was reminded at his coming of the bad weather, length of way, and other obstacles, which had to be encountered and overcome before he reached our own glowing fire and friendly circle.

The question then arose, what should we do—or, rather, as Katherine, our most practical member, altered its form, what *could* we do to make the winter a bright and profitable one? Society we must do without; nor could we depend on leaving the boundaries for three or four months; books we had, it is true, but how to suit the varied tastes of all our party?

"A traveling club," I proposed, meekly.

My suggestion was received with shouts of derisive laughter.

"With sledges and reindeer, or Arctic dogs when the snow begins?" asked one.

"Or paddle our own canoes when it thaws?" inquired another.

"Or send for a corps of engineers and have a new railroad laid out, perhaps," suggested a third, scornfully.

"If it had been a 'stay-at-home club,' now," said the hostess, with a smile, "it would have been more akin to reality, and very agreeable to me."

I took advantage of the first pause in the hubbub to claim an uninterrupted hearing.

"Miss Anstice has the floor," declared our host, Dr. Kent.

"There were once some girls who wanted to go traveling very badly—"

"Like me," interpolated Katherine.

"But," I resumed, "they were very poor—"

"The likeness is still more striking," murmured Katherine from her corner; though Dr. Kent tapped on the table, and called for order in the house.

"So as they could not go in reality, they concluded to travel in imagination, and every evening the different girls met together, bringing sketches, pictures, travels, anything, in short, which would illustrate the place they were visiting in fancy. Finally, one of the girls did cross the ocean really, and through her whole journey her enjoyment was increased tenfold by the accurate knowledge she had gained of the beauty and meaning of the Old World in the quiet little up-stairs room at home."

"That sounds like Mrs. Whitney," said again the irrepressible Katherine.

"It is from Mrs. Whitney," I assented. "Now, with that authority for the plan's being a good one, will you try it?"

A general clamor of approval arose.

"I should be delighted," said Mrs. Kent, "it

would be so improving to Rosamond, for she cannot possibly attend school this winter."

"But shall we keep all its benefits to ourselves?" asked Dr. Kent. "There are the Elmores, neighbors who are quite near enough to meet us every week. Frederic goes to school there, and it would be an excellent stimulus to him and his companions in their studies."

We all agreed to this, and the next bright day sent over a committee—composed of Katherine and myself—to open our scheme.

It was received with cordial interest, and we decided that the best arrangement would be to meet at one of the two houses alternately every Friday afternoon.

The traveling club was to be composed of Dr. and Mrs. Kent, their two children, Frederic and Rosamond, Katherine and myself from the one house, and Mr. and Mrs. Elmore, Mrs. Elmore's mother, a charming and bright old lady, Miss Alice Fonaine, the pretty, dark-eyed young teacher, and her three pupils, Charlie and George Elmore, and Harry Halstead.

The result of our plan proved rather different from our original intention, which had been simply to brighten the seclusion of a winter in the mountains, for the club continued through all the fresh springing loveliness of April and May, and the long, warm summer, and did not cease when riding-parties and walking-excursions became a daily routine.

But I am running too far ahead of my little history, which may, perhaps, prove suggestive to other country neighborhoods, and prove the source of as much innocent pleasure to them as to us.

Our first meeting was on a bright, breezy afternoon, when our walk over the hills in the fresh air had sent a charming glow and invigoration through us all.

After the first friendly greetings and mutual congratulations on the lovely weather that smiled propitious on our journey, Mrs. Stacy (Mrs. Elmore's mother) called our noisy party to order, and we proceeded to organize ourselves in due form.

The president, we unanimously agreed, should be Mrs. Stacy as long as we met here, and Mrs. Dr. Kent should fill the same office at "Mountain Retreat," the appropriate name of Dr. Kent's home.

Treasurer there was no need for, as we again agreed with unanimity that money was no object whatever, and that special trains might be engaged or yachts purchased regardless of expense.

The offices of secretary and chairman were united in one, the duties appertaining to each office being simple, and conferred on George Elmore.

So far we had proceeded without a dissenting voice, save a modest protest, speedily overruled, from the members of our circle elected to office.

But on the question being proposed, "Where shall we travel?" a serious division at once took place.

"I think," said Mrs. Elmore, "it would be wiser to inform ourselves first in regard to our own country."

"But travel abroad is so much more picturesque and entertaining," pleaded a weak-minded member—myself.

Many arguments were urged on either side, and at last the question was put to the vote, the appropriate method of deciding vexed questions in a democratic country.

Our libraries, like most old-fashioned collections of books, abounded in European travels and histories, while the works on America were few—a consideration which I am compelled to say probably influenced the majority on the side of a tour in Europe.

"It is decided that we visit the Old World," announced our president from her arm-chair.

With a comparatively mild discussion, we then agreed, on our next meeting, to take a steamer for Liverpool, England. In order that there might not be a monotony of sea-voyages and "first impressions of the grand old ocean," one was appointed to chronicle the events, if any, of the voyage, with sole and exclusive right to mention the weather. The others were allowed to describe Liverpool itself, its objects of interest, and even to ramble into its suburbs and environs.

The traveling club then adjourned until the next Friday; and so merry an afternoon had we passed together, that we were all ready to vote our plan a brilliant success, and parted with many an anticipation of mutual enjoyment, which we mean to share with the readers of the HOME MAGAZINE.

E. F. M.

THE VALUE OF A BOOK.—In a letter from Dr. Franklin to Dr. Mather, son of the author, dated Passy (in France), November 10th, 1779, we have the following paragraph. Referring to a paper of "Advice to the People of the United States," just published by Dr. M., he says: "Such writings, though they may be lightly passed over by many readers, yet, if they make a deep impression on one active mind in a hundred, the effects may be considerable. Permit me to mention one little instance, which, though it relates to myself, will not be quite uninteresting to you. When I was a boy, I met with a book entitled 'Essays to do Good,' which I think was written by your father. It had been so little regarded by its former possessor that several leaves of it were torn out; but the remainder gave me such a turn of thinking as to have an influence on my conduct through life; for I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good than any other kind of reputation; and if I have been, as you seem to think, a useful citizen, the public owes the advantage of it to that book."

In all the circumstances of life we reap as we sow; and, if we reap peril for foolhardiness, so do we garner desertion for ill-nature, and the gradual loss of friends—best known as the process called "being cut"—as the reward of evil speaking and slander.

NOT LOST.

A QUAIN, old-fashioned country house of gray stone, with many a pointed gable and small, latticed window; cozy, low-ceiled rooms, made fragrant in summer-time by the pure white jasmine and crimson roses that came nodding in through the open casements. A large, trim garden, where old-time flowers bloomed, sweet-williams, tulips with gorgeous hue, queen lilies with golden hearts, rich carnations, sweet-scented heliotrope and mignonnette, huge bushes of laburnum and lilac, where the birds built their homes and made glad melody; sloping clover-meadows on either side, bounded on the one hand by the little church, on the other by a thick grove of linden-trees.

This was Clovernook, my home, where the first twenty years of my life were spent, calmly and uneventfully, with my father and sister Mira, knowing nothing of the great world lying beyond our quiet village, neither desiring to know—never experiencing any passionate, throbbing joy, any deep, bitter sorrow. We had no great riches, nor was there any fear of poverty.

I never knew my mother. The sweet young life had ebbed and flowed for many a day, and when I was born it closed. A quiet, reserved man was my father. All his interest centred in his garden and books; so long as he knew Mira and I were well and needed for nothing, he troubled little about us. But Barbara, our one servant, could tell of a time, before my mother's death, when none were more merry and gladsome than he; but, when her life went out, so did all his joyousness. So Mira and I were left much to ourselves, and were inexpressibly dear to each other.

And Mira was blind—had been stone-blind from her birth—although, looking at the sweet, refined face, one would never have thought so—never have thought that the blue eyes had in them no light, that they had never looked upon this fair earth of ours and beheld its fairness. Very cheerful and gentle she was. I never heard from her one murmur, one repining word.

Only two years older than myself, and blind, yet it was to her I carried all my petty, childish joys and sorrows; there was never a joy but was made greater by her loving sympathy, never a fancied sorrow but was charmed away by her gentle voice and soothing words.

Separated from us only by the meadow and grove of linden-trees was Lindenhurst—a large farm, where lived Maurice Hunter and his widowed mother. They were old and valued friends, and from the time of my mother's death Mrs. Hunter had shown a warm, kindly interest in us; while Maurice—well, for many a day it had been arranged that when I had attained my twenty-first birthday I should become the wife of Maurice and mistress of Lindenhurst. The arrangement pleased my father; it was satisfactory in every way.

I should be twenty-one in September; and it was

one evening in the March preceding it that Maurice came in with some news.

"Jean," he said, when the usual greetings had been exchanged, "I have had a letter from Grace Warrington; she is coming to Lindenhurst."

I looked up in surprise. Grace Warrington was his cousin, and I had heard much of her beauty, her accomplishments, her gayety, but had never seen her. She had been brought up in a distant city, and I wondered much to hear of her coming to the country in the chill, early spring-time.

"Your Cousin Grace coming?" I echoed. "When?"

"To-morrow," said Maurice. "And, Jean, I want you for my sake to try to make her visit pleasant."

"But I wonder she chooses this time of the year for a visit to the country," I could not help saying. "I wonder she does not wait for summer fruit, summer flowers."

"You must read her letter, Jean; and then you will wonder no longer. Poor girl! So tired she says she is of the gay, frivolous life she has been leading, longing intently for rest and quiet—anxious, too," he added, softly, "to make the acquaintance of her future cousin."

I had nothing to say against her coming, of course. I could only smile and tell him I would do all he wished; but a vague feeling of unrest, for which I could not account, oppressed me.

"I shall come for you to-morrow evening," Maurice said, as he lingered beside me in the porch for a few moments as he was leaving. "Once see Grace, and you cannot help loving her; she is so beautiful, Jean."

I watched him down the garden-walk. A brave, stalwart figure he looked in the moonlight, with a certain amount of easy grace; and, watching there, I seemed to realize for the first time how dear he had become to me. At the gate he paused and looked back, and then an impulse seized me.

"Maurice, Maurice!" I cried, running down the path after him.

"Why, Jean," he cried, regarding me with surprise, "what is it?"

"Grace Warrington is very beautiful," I said, breathlessly. "And, Maurice, you so admire everything beautiful. Do not fall in love with her and forget me."

"You silly little woman!" he cried. "As though the world, for me, could hold another Jean! And is that all? Run in out of the chill air."

Feeling a little ashamed, I turned away then and entered the house.

Maurice came for me the next evening, and I went with him to Lindenhurst. On the way he could talk of nothing but his cousin; and when I saw her I could not wonder. I had always thought Mira beautiful; but her touching, delicate loveliness was nothing in comparison with the full womanly beauty of this cousin of Maurice. She arose and came forward to meet us as we entered, her long, rich draperies trailing around her.

"A queenly woman," I thought, as I noted the

splendor of the dark eyes, the masses of rich chestnut hair crowning the well-formed head; and my heart sank with jealous, envious fear, as I thought how plain, how awkward, I must appear to Maurice beside her.

"I have heard so much of you from aunt and Maurice," she said, her dark eyes regarding me curiously, "that I cannot think of you as a stranger. I hope we shall become great friends."

The words were kind, her manner was polished and winning; yet there was something in the musical voice from which I instinctively shrank.

I shall never forget that evening; in spite of myself I was charmed. She talked fluently and well—spoke of foreign lands, fair cities, of which we, in our quiet, retired lives, knew nothing save from books. I could not but notice how evidently Maurice admired her, how intently he listened, how eagerly he drank in every word that fell from her lips.

Once during the evening she and I were left alone.

"I have so wished to see you," she said, speaking very slowly, her great, wondering eyes never removing their gaze from my face—"so wished to see the lady who had won my Cousin Maurice's heart and who would call Lindenhurst 'home.'"

"You could not desire a fairer one," she said again presently, finding I had no reply to give her save a vivid blush. "You should esteem yourself happy."

"I do," I stammered, scarcely knowing, in my embarrassment, what I said, only feeling some remark from me was expected—"indeed I do; I think no place in England can be more beautiful, and I shall always be near my sister."

To my great relief, Mrs. Hunter came in just then, and the conversation was dropped.

That evening was but the commencement of many other such. Miss Warrington came to Clovernook with Maurice, and the ready grace with which she adapted herself to my father's simple, reserved habits completely won his heart. I had never seen him unbend to any one as he did to her.

But between Maurice and myself a little cloud was arising—very small at first, scarcely perceptible, but growing gradually larger and larger. One by one the little attentions I had been wont to receive from him were discontinued; little by little he withdrew himself from my society and devoted himself to Grace. I was too proud to complain, but it was hard to bear—hard to see the attentions which by right were mine given to another—hard to find the love which had been so precious to me, and which I had expected would cheer my life through, growing cold, dying away.

And so passed April with its sunshine and showers, May with its blossoms and birds. June, the month of roses, came, and still Grace Warrington lingered at Lindenhurst.

For some time I had been experiencing considerable anxiety on Mira's account. She had been extremely delicate during the winter, and, as spring advanced, it appeared to me as though the slight form grew yet more fragile, the sweet face more wan,

the slow step yet more halting. Deeply immersed in his books and flowers, my father failed to remark how this, his choicest flower, was fading before his eyes, and I dreaded to awaken him to the knowledge of it. But a day came when he could remain in ignorance no longer—when doctors, hastily summoned, told him that earthly skill, human love, could avail nothing—that we must lose Mira.

There was no violent outburst of grief. A dazed, agonized expression crossed his face and rested on his eyes as he listened to the doctors; then, without a word, he turned away and fastened himself in his study.

Oh, the slow dreariness of that day! A hush—as though the shadow of death hovered over it—fell upon the house. In its stillness I could hear the low of the cattle from the farm, the hum of insects from the garden. In my sorrow I longed to see Maurice, to hear from him a few comforting words; but the day waned and he came not. It was a week now since he had been at Clovernook.

I had avoided Mira all day. I feared to trust myself for long together in her presence until I had gained some little command over myself. I dreaded lest, at the first gentle word, all my pain and sorrow should find vent in a passionate outburst, and grieve and disturb her. But at sunset Barbara came to me and told me she had been asking for me, so I went then to her. She turned her sightless blue eyes in my direction as I entered.

"Is that you, Jean?" she questioned.

"Yes, dear; Barbara said you wanted me."

"Come and sit beside me, Jean, and tell me why you have kept from me all the afternoon."

I took a cushion and knelt beside her, and, for reply, pressed a lingering kiss upon her face.

"Have you been grieving for me?" she asked presently. "Ah, Jean, never do that! Only a little while, and then you will come to me."

But my tears fell fast at this. I could not keep them back.

"Dear," she said again, finding I had no words to give her, "I have felt for some time that it must be so; and to me the doctor's words this morning were but a confirmation of my own long-formed opinion."

There was utter silence then—utter silence, save for the ticking of the clock in the room beneath.

"I have thought much lately," she resumed, dreamily, "how poor and useless my whole life has been, how very little I could ever do to repay you for all the love and care you have lavished upon me, how fitting it seems that I should be taken early! You will mourn for me awhile," she went on, after a pause; "you will miss the sister who has been so dependent upon your care; but the days will pass on and the sorrow will grow lighter. Then you will go to Maurice; and at Lindenhurst new loves, new duties, new cares, will await you; and by and by you will rejoice to feel assured that I am where care and sorrow can never reach me."

There was silence again now—no sound save the tick, tick of the clock.

"I have often longed to look upon the trees, and fields, and flowers," the gentle voice resumed—"to see the beautiful earth you have never wearied of describing; but, when I awake some golden, eternal morning, and find myself in the land where fadeless flowers bloom, I shall be more than satisfied. I have often longed—oh, how intently!—to see your face, dear. Shall I recognize it in the land where partings never come, I wonder?"

A peculiar, far-away expression came into the wide-open, sightless eyes. Were they striving to pierce through the darkness which had ever bound them, and catch a glimpse of the glories so soon to be revealed to them?

I could bear no more just then. I went hurriedly down-stairs, opened the door and looked out. It was a lovely night. Numberless stars glittered in the sky; the moon—like a pale, fair queen—had arisen; and garden, meadow and linden grove beyond lay bathed in her silvery, shimmering radiance. As I gazed, some of the calm repose of the night stole over me.

I stepped out into the bright moonshine, passed through the garden and into the meadow. So light was it that I could distinctly see the great tufts of yellow buttercups and white, meek-eyed daisies that starred the grass, the few late violets half hidden beneath the hedge—so still that the chirp of the grasshopper sounded loud and shrill; and sweetly sang the nightingale.

Sweet indeed were the notes, beautiful was the moonlight; but the sorrow weighing so heavily upon my heart was not to be charmed away. I thought, as I walked mechanically onward, of the changes the last few months had wrought—of the love which had been mine, but was mine no longer—of the sister whose life had been so pure, so gentle, and who was about to be called away; sorrow and change, pain and care, were everywhere.

The bird's full song burst forth as I reached the grove. There was nothing sad in that; it spoke of nothing save hope and joy; and my thoughts went out then to the land where sorrow never enters, to the home where partings are unknown.

I had stood musing some time, when the sound of voices aroused me. Wondering much who it could be, and desirous not to be seen, I hastily drew back within the friendly shelter of the lime-trees. There was no need to wonder long; the moonlight fell full upon the faces of Grace and Maurice. They were talking low and earnestly, but I heard every word.

"And so," Maurice was saying, "you leave us next week?"

"Yes," she replied, stopping short in her walk and leaning negligently against a tree, "unless you have some strong inducement to hold out. But I have stayed too long already; I am sure you must be tired of me. Is not the song of that nightingale delicious?"

"Never that!" he cried, taking no heed of her last words. "You know you are speaking that which

you do not believe. I dread to think how lonely Lindenhurst will be when you are gone."

"You will have Jean," she said, with a light, mocking laugh. "Surely she will have power to console you?"

He did not reply immediately, and she continued: "Seriously, Maurice, when I say I have been here too long, I speak but the truth; for, since my arrival, you have grown dissatisfied with the lady you once thought perfection."

"Because in those days, Grace, I believed her faithful and true of heart, not mercenary and calculating, as you have shown me."

"Such a mistake your engagement has been all along, Maurice! How you became so infatuated with a stupid, commonplace little body I cannot comprehend. She is not so stupid, however, as to be unmindful of the advantage of possessing a home like Lindenhurst!"

"I could never have believed it of Jean from any one but you, Grace."

"Just fancy, as one day succeeds another, how you will weary of her, and of the tie that binds you!" the false, mocking voice went on. "You and your position, Maurice, should command a wife whose accomplishments and beauty would be your pride, and make Lindenhurst a home of refinement. But a woman who has not a single idea in her head save as regards her blind sister, who will be studied and considered before you in everything, until she becomes a perpetual source of discomfort to you—Maurice, I pity you from my heart!"

"Hush, hush!" began Maurice; but I waited not to hear what he would say, for I came out from my shelter amongst the lindens and stood before them.

All the pride and passion and wounded love of the past weeks broke forth. I could have borne her insulting words about myself, but not her coarse allusion to Mira. I forget all I said. I only know my words were stinging, bitter, passionate—the words of a slighted, injured woman.

All the time she stood regarding me with an air of cool, negligent grace which maddened me. Maurice once or twice attempted to speak, but I would not hear him.

"Have you done?" Grace asked, when I paused. "Maurice, I find I underrated this lady's abilities; she appears to number eavesdropping and declamation amongst her accomplishments. Come—as the entertainment is at an end, we will go."

She swept me a low mocking bow and turned away. Not so Maurice—he came nearer to me.

"I was no intentional listener," I cried passionately. "But I have something more to say. Maurice, you are free. Lindenhurst is not so desirable that I should wish to call it home now that its owner has become indifferent to me."

"I am not indifferent, Jean," he said, "and, if I have appeared so, your own conduct has caused it. No man cares to know that the woman he is about to marry is sufficiently unwomanly to boast that she

accepts him merely for the home he offers her, as you did to Grace on the very evening of her arrival."

"Grace is false and untrue!" I exclaimed vehemently. "I never said such a thing. Take back your freedom, Maurice—take it. Grace thinks me too common and plain to be mistress of Lindenhurst. You must hold the same opinion, for her words passed without rebuke from you."

"Jean," he said—and I could see by the moonlight that his face was white and agitated—"I have been cruel and unjust ever to doubt you, but I believe you now. Forgive the last few weeks; forgive and forget."

"Forgive, yes," I said; "but I cannot forget. I could never again trust the man who gave ready credence to a slanderous, insulting story about me because the narrator possessed a beautiful face and winning manner."

"Jean," he cried, as I turned to go, "listen to me only one moment."

"Never again," I replied, as I walked out of the grove.

There was no nightingale's song now. It was hushed. Affrighted by my stormy, passionate tones, the bird had ceased. I saw not now the sweet summer flowers; I regarded not the clear, bright moonlight. In my heart surged bitter passions, jealousy strong as death, cruel as the grave.

"Jean, Jean!"

The cry was but low and indistinct, yet it reached me; but I kept on my way, never glancing behind, and entered the house.

In the morning I sought my father and told him that all was at an end between Maurice and myself. He must have wondered much at my quiet composed manner—have felt some disappointment at the abrupt termination of an arrangement that had pleased him; but he said little. Mira was much worse, and grief and anxiety for her absorbed every other emotion.

Then came a letter from Maurice, but I returned it unopened. Hard and cold I felt.

"Nothing," I repeated again and again to myself, "could ever efface the remembrance of the wrong done me."

And when the glad June sun reached the meridian, and the bright summer day was in the zenith of its beauty, I went up to Mira's room. I read a while sweet soothing words of hope and comfort from the Book of books. Then she spoke to me.

"Put down the book, dear," she said; "put it aside, and tell me what is wrong with you; there is something more than grief for me, I think."

"You mistake, Mira," I answered; and my voice, even to my own ears, sounded harsh and strained. "Nothing ails me."

"Nothing, Jean? Why, there is a sound in your voice which contradicts your words. Tell me, dear—what is it?"

But I could not. When I tried to speak, the words choked me.

"Jean," she said again, presently, "what has come

between Maurice and you? I have not heard his voice these last few days."

I could not resist the loving voice, the gentle questioning. With many a sob, many a tear—kneeling beside her—I told her all.

"Poor little sister! Poor little Jean!" she said, softly. "But, dear, the cloud will pass away, and all will come right in the end."

"It cannot—it cannot!" I cried. "Maurice is cruel and unjust, and Grace—O Mira, I wish she had never come to Lindenhurst!"

The thin, wasted fingers rested now upon my head with a gentle caressing touch; the face turned toward me wore an expression of tenderest pity.

"I shall never forget the wrong!" I burst forth again with a passionate cry. "It is too cruel, too hard to bear. Heaven has dealt very bitterly with me."

"Very sure am I," murmured Mira, softly, "that Infinite Goodness, Infinite Mercy, orders and directs for our own good the most trifling events that befall us. Ah, Jean, believe it too; see that your faith fail not! I am sorry, too, for Maurice," she said, presently,—"Maurice, who has shown me so many acts of thoughtful kindness. It would make me happier, dear, to know that, when he asks for your forgiveness again, you will not refuse it."

But I put aside the clinging arms, turned away from the loving kisses, and walked to the window. Gazing out with tear-dimmed, aching eyes upon the sun-kissed trees and flowers in the garden, I could find no words for the promise she waited to bear; the passion was not gone yet.

"Jean," she said, after a time "will you sing, dear, my old favorite?"

With quivering lips and voice which strove in vain to steady itself, I endeavored to comply. But my voice failed utterly.

"Never mind, dear," she said—"never mind, if you cannot. I feel tired. Kiss me good-night, love."

I bent over the poor thin face with its hectic flush, and perceived with pain how short and labored was her breathing.

"It is not night, Mira," I said, softly. "The sun is not even near setting."

"I suppose not, dear, but, you know, day and night are alike to me, and I am very tired."

The days sped swiftly by, and the end came. One night, worn out with watching and sorrowing, I lay down to get some rest; but, at the hour which follows the one when night and morning meet, when rosy and purple tints of dawn flush the eastern sky, a hand was laid on my shoulder, and, starting up, I beheld Barbara. There was no need to question her—no need of the one word "Come." Looking into her face, I knew Mira was worse.

Ah me, shall I ever forget it!—the calm, restful face? Did she recognize me, I wonder? I bent over her in silent, wordless grief. Who can say? There was a movement of the lips, a flickering of the eyelids; faintly, brokenly, came the words, "See that

VOL. XLVII.—15.

your faith fail not." Then the gentle life closed—closed on earth. But faith bridged the gulf that separated and saw beyond light and joy unspeakable. Not lost! Oh, no—only gone before!

I never looked upon my sister's face again. Brain-fever set in, and for many a day I lay unmindful of all that was passing around me. It was Mrs. Hunter who tended me with gentlest care; it was upon her kind motherly face that my eyes rested when I first awoke to consciousness; and, when the first hazy, languid wonderment as to what had happened was succeeded by full remembrance, it was her kind words that soothed my bitter outburst of grief, that spoke of the better country, that told of the hope that I may one day rejoin my darling, though she should never return to me. She spoke, too, of the grief that pressed so heavily upon my father, of the thankfulness that should fill my heart that Heaven had spared me to him—all that a thoughtful mind, a loving heart, could dictate—but never a word of Maurice. And, as the weary, sad days slowly passed, I longed to ask after him, but pride kept me silent.

It was September now. The summer flowers had all faded, and autumn tints tinged the foliage of the trees and shrubs. Sickles gleamed amongst the golden grain; men gathered and garnered in the fruits of the bounteous earth, and my twenty-first birthday drew near. I could walk now in the garden, with steps that were still feeble—could read to my father, and talk to him of the one we had loved and who had gone a little before.

I had never yet seen where they had laid her; so, one evening, feeling unusually well, and tempted by its beauty, I crossed the meadow and entered the quiet little church-yard. On I went till I paused under the shadow of some great old yews. The small marble cross, with its new, vivid whiteness, revealed all too plainly that which I sought.

"MIRA.

"There shall the eyes of the blind be opened."

That was all; but there was no bitterness in the tears which fell so fast. Death was swallowed up in victory.

I sat on, forgetful of everything save my own thoughts; and the stars came out one by one in the dark blue heavens, and a pale, fair moon arose; yet still I lingered. Sweet was the song of the thrush. Very faint, very far off it sounded, but it was like the song of the nightingale in the linden grove. One in a yew-tree close beside me took up an answering strain. Both sang together now, and a flood of rich mellow music floated around me. Their melody brought back my thoughts to earth—back to the night when I had last seen Maurice. Very close were their voices, but not so close as was the one which breathed—

"Jean, dear Jean, am I forgiven?"

And there, standing beside me, was Maurice.

"Jean," he said, "forget the past; let me help you to bear the sorrow which has fallen upon you."

I could not answer him—I was too deeply agitated.

"Have you no word for me, Jean—no words to give me the assurance I long to hear?"

No, I had no words even then; but I stretched out both of my hands to him.

"You shall never have cause to repent, dear," he said, eagerly clasping them in his own. "I blush to think how weak and unjust I have been, Jean. Grace went from Lindenhurst on the day after we met in the grove; let us try to forget her—let her name never be mentioned between us."

"There will be no need," I said simply.

"When I knew Mira was dead, and you ill and alone, Jean, I felt as though I could never forgive myself; but, when mother told me you would recover, then my joy was greater than I can express."

"Mira asked me," I began—but I could say no more; the thought of the sweet face the grave hid, the gentle voice death had stilled, overcame me.

"Mother will be so pleased," Maurice said presently; "she has so grieved, Jean, for the shadow that came between us. But come—the night-air will not be good for you."

Through the church-yard we went, and across the meadow; and the harvest-moon shone down upon us and lighted home two hearts filled with a calm, chastened happiness.

Lindenhurst has been my home now for many happy years. Dear little children call me "Mother"—two boys, the pride of Mrs. Hunter's heart, and a little girl on whom my father's gaze ever lingers lovingly, who seem nearer and dearer to him even than his two grandsons, who can divert him at all times from his books and garden.

I know! Golden-hair, delicate, rosebud face, sweet blue eyes—but not sightless—all these call to this remembrance the one he loved and lost!

Oh, no, no! Not that word—not lost! Faith whispers, "Gone before."

CONSCIENCE AND HEALTH.—Old Isaak Walton says that "he that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping. Therefore be sure you look to that. And, in the next place, look to your health; and, if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of, a blessing that money cannot buy; therefore value it, and be thankful for it." Health is indeed worth preserving; it is the soul that animates all enjoyments of life, which fade, and are tasteless, if not dead, without it.

REST assured that there is very little luck in business success. The man who achieves a fortune, a good name, and a serene old age, in pointing out to you the chart of his life, will show that his way has led through the toilsome, dusty road of economy, self-denial, and diligent, persevering, persistent painstaking, so as to insure that everything should be well done, and at the time and the price promised.

"FETCH ME THAT FLOWER."

My favorite? How shall I answer,

Unless—it's the one I now see.

Buttercup, pansy, or rose-bud,

That is the flower for me.

LATTERLY there seems to be a general waking up on the subject of floriculture; a manifest desire for information, stimulated by a healthful spirit of rivalry, in the matter of floral ornamentation. Formerly it was too much the custom to sacrifice the beautiful to the useful. Especially was this disposition apparent in rural districts. True, very few farmers' wives omitted their annual display, yet there was no particular department assigned it. Self-asserting colors, or tints delicate as mist-born rainbows availed nothing. All were huddled together in some obscure corner, or doomed to take their place among the prosaic denizens of the kitchen garden.

Red-capped hollyhocks garrisoned the medicine-bed; ragged sailors cast anchor among cabbages; squads of four-o'clocks kept step with marrow-fats; while pansy gold and violet dew sprinkled the ground everywhere.

In very many sections such a condition of affairs is no longer tolerated. The line of demarkation is being gradually, if not, as yet, quite distinctly drawn. Old-fashioned as well as new-fashioned flowers are coming to the front. A determination to fix up the "door-yard" is clearly manifest. Were it not so sweet and healthful a token, some of these attempts at ornamentation would be laughable in the extreme. They are so suggestive of Boffin's Bower, where the glowing vegetation stopped beyond the footstool of the "high-flier at fashion," to give place to a region of sand and saw-dust. To be sure, cabinet-maker, upholsterer and taxidermist, contributed the "Bower's" incongruous decorations, while those of our rural gardens are the result of undertaking too much, and knowing too little about plant life and growth.

However—welcome be every improvement in this or any similar direction, no matter how slow its march. Blessed be every hand that plants seed or floweret bulb, whether regardless of fitness, color or not. It is a good start, a grand step, and eventually leads to glad surprises along these lower paths—trodden sometimes so wearily. Since we cannot all do the best, let us endeavor to do the best we can. If we prefer our roses and ruta-bagas together, we can have them, but let us also have one little spot devoted to bloom and fragrance, and see that the doors and windows of the house open out upon it. I would rejoice to know that mignonette and all her train gathered around the kitchen, as well as the parlor door.

There is nothing more soothing, more elevating, than groups of well-kept plants, mingling their drifts of color. I am writing principally for busy women; for tired daughters as well as mothers. I long to reach this great multitude, and tell them what joy and comfort there is in the culture, the companionship of flowers. I want them, every one, to hear the

secrets of melody the lily-bells hold; what revelry prevails at the portulacas' banquet of color, and where the scarlet geranium hangs her gorgeous banners. I want them to share the delight of the pansies' answering smiles, and bend to the whisper of the white rose, whose fragrance

"Comes like the benediction that follows after prayer."

Where there are ample means, information on the subject of what, and when to plant, is, perhaps, very naturally considered of little or no importance. It is best, however, not to leave the choice entirely with the florist or gardener, else one's grounds are so exact a copy of one's neighbors, it is difficult to distinguish between them.

In his illustrated monthly magazine, James Vick, of Rochester, opens to all a most delightful way of obtaining individual instruction in this matter of floriculture. This is a newer, fresher publication than the *Guide*, with which so many are familiar. Coming to subscribers, as it does, twelve times a year, it will be found full freighted with such valuable hints and directions as the inexperienced require from month to month. The colored plates alone are worth double the price of the magazine, which is but one dollar and twenty-five cents a year. A group of roses in the January number is so charmingly natural that they seem to open up whole avenues of their fragrant sisterhood. Like poor, little Jenny Wren, in "Our Mutual Friend," I fancied, looking at these, "I smelled miles of flowers."

Just here I want to mention a bunch of colored pansies in D. M. Ferry's seed catalogue. A very attractive pamphlet, by the way, containing names of seeds and price list. The dear, familiar flowers were so real, I almost felt their velvet petals slipping between my fingers.

At present there seems to be developing a rage for everlasting flowers. No one having the opportunity should fail to raise at least some half dozen varieties for winter decorations. They can be charmingly worked up into wreaths, crosses, mottoes, monograms and baskets, for funerals, church ornamentations, fairs or festivals.

They will be found extremely useful for mourning purposes at a season when fresh flowers are costly, and in localities where it is impossible to obtain these at any price.

Indeed, there is scarcely any limit to the manner in which they can be employed for artistic purposes. Together with pressed ferns and autumn leaves, they will prove acceptable presents to friends in cities, or the sick in hospitals.

Our familiar, old-fashioned "bachelor's button," is one of the most reliable of everlastings. It is recommended that the cotton covering be removed and seed sown in a warm frame, or in the house. It is best, of course, to follow directions, still, I have found no difficulty in raising them out of doors, in ordinary soil, and without extraordinary care. Indeed, their growth is so sure, an old lady who buried her Christmas bouquet, saw it reproduced in

vigorous plants, capped with magnificent globes of color.

Helichrysum is worthy of praise as a strong, easy-growing, free-blooming plant. It succeeds admirably sown in open ground. The colors are white, yellow, rose, purple and red, of very many rich brownish shades. Flowers should be gathered before they fully expand, and hung in a dry place where there is no dust.

Gypsophila is also a hardy annual, which, although not strictly an everlasting, will be found to dry satisfactorily, and add a dainty touch of color to your bouquet.

There are others recommended as hardy, and some of delicate growth, but to name all would be to go outside the limits of this article. *Vick's Magazine* furnishes complete lists, and also abounds in illustrations, consequently no subscriber can go far astray in her selections, and may enjoy the advantage of knowing in just what shape they are coming.

Now a word of warning in reference to ornamental grasses. In taking the initiatory step toward their cultivation, it is best to seek information from purely reliable sources. Some American catalogues quote lists of European grasses, which are not desirable in our climate. Of course, where professional gardeners are employed, this difficulty may be obviated; but, as the greater number of purchasers cultivate their own grounds, and have no time to waste in experimenting, the subjoined list may prove serviceable.

Stipa pennata and *Bromus* are rated as perfectly hardy. Since neither arrive at perfection the first season, and bear close resemblance to our grass of the field, it will be advisable to mark them in some way. Painted stakes, or a circle of pebbles answers this purpose. These, as well as all their species, must be cut and dried in the shade as soon as the flowers, tufts, barbs, or whatever ornamental shape they may take, arrive at their maturity.

Both should be planted early, and with proper care prove very attractive. *Stipa pennata* is the feather grass, delicate as sea foam; and, whether colored or in its natural state, is as tender as a morning cloud. *Bromus* has pendant cones, which, when dyed, droop like tassels, and are very effective in making up bouquets.

Then there is *Agrostis nebulosa*, one of the most desirable of decorative grasses, and *Briza*, the tremulous or shaking grass, of which there are several varieties.

A recent novelty is *Eulalia Japonica Zebrina*, an introduction from Japan. Having stood the test of years of cultivation in this country, it is now pronounced distinctly hardy. It produces long blades with markings of yellow across the leaf, instead of longitudinally. It grows from four to six feet in height, and forms a striking feature on the lawn singly or massed in groups. In the autumn it sends out large tassel-like plumes, white, shaded with pink, which, for parlor decoration, are perfectly superb.

Eulalia may be called the queen of ornamental grasses, and *Pampas* is certainly king.

Doubtless everybody is familiar with Pampas. We have all seen it like "Sidney's plume of snow," waving before a background of greenness in florists' windows, or, better still, floating between us and the wonderful blue of an autumnal sky.

The roots must be protected in winter, and this is best accomplished by tying the plant tops together, inclosing in a headless flour barrel, filling up with straw, and banking soil around outside. Plumes must be dried in the shade.

To whiten grasses, suspend them in an air-tight box over burning sulphur. To color red, take carmine, one quarter ounce; liquor ammonia, one-half ounce; water, one-quarter pint. To color blue, indigo dissolved in sulphuric acid neutralized with whiting. To color yellow, solution of tumeric in spirits of wine. To color violet, archil, and blue prepared as above. To color lilac, archil in boiling water. To color green, dye blue first, then use the yellow. Dip the grasses into these solutions. After the dye-bath is finished and your clusters are dried, colors may be

brightened by dipping them in water containing cream of tartar, and drying again.

Every year I try to have a little talk about flowers with the readers of ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE. This season the thought suggests itself that I would like to have them talk back. I would be glad to have every flower lover write and tell me their favorite's name. If they have failed in its cultivation, I might, perhaps, throw out some helpful hints in my next paper. And if nothing else comes of it, we shall have had a delightful chat, and I be the richer for the bouquet of letters left in my hands.

All communications on this subject should be addressed to me, as undersigned, care of ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

My favorite? Ah, you may bring me
Flowers crimson, orange or blue;
Each thinking her own is the fairest,
I'll answer—I think it is, too.

MADGE CARROL.

The Home Circle.

FROM A SOUTHERN HOME.

DEAR FRIENDS: In the "Home Circle" I read many letters from housekeepers north, east and west; but rarely is there a note of cheer or a groan of tribulation from a southern sister. When I have chanced to see a communication from this side of Mason and Dixon's line, it has been written by some one sentimentally full of orange groves and sweet-scented flowers, and I suspect some of you have an idea that the ladies of the South have nothing to do but follow their pleasure and be waited upon.

And that may be a pretty fair picture of the southern lady of twenty years ago. I remember that my mother's cook had been trained by my grandmother's cook; her house-girl had been taught from childhood to clean house; the seamstress made, and kept our clothes in order, and, in fact, all the servants had lived in the family until they knew my mother's ways so well as rarely to need much direction.

But that was "twenty years ago, dear Tom," and when I took up the burden of housekeeping I had no well-trained family servants to assist me. Still I have managed, until of late, never to be entirely out of servants. Last year I had a "splendid cook"—a real fat, comfortable old colored lady, who was skilled in all culinary arts. She could broil a beefsteak and make light rolls that would send the good man of the house to his office in the best of humors every morning, and oft and again did he bring home a friend to have a cup of Aunt Charlotte's "after dinner" coffee. Her kitchen was always clean, and had a delicious smell of spices and lemons, and roasting meats, and I was always met at her kitchen-door with a beaming smile, and an invitation to "come in and set yourself down, honey." Of course Aunt Charlotte was too dignified and too fat to run up and down stairs, so we and a good-natured girl to do housework, a man about the stable, and our washing was put out. Under these circumstances housekeeping was a real

pleasure. But last spring, ill-health compelled me to go to a watering-place for the summer. Having no one to leave in charge of affairs during my absence, I thought it would be more economical to close up the house, so I dismissed all the servants. They soon found homes for themselves, and on my return in the fall, I was obliged to find others to fill their places. For the first month we had an excellent cook, and a very nice boy in the dining-room. My health was so much improved that I was able to do a great deal of the housework, and I fondly hoped that we might get along this winter with only two servants. But Mandy was taken sick, and on her recommendation I engaged one Sylvia. I soon found, however, that Sylvia knew nothing of cooking, and she was so ill-tempered I could not undertake to teach her, so we parted company at the end of one week. During her stay she managed to convince our boy that no colored man who had proper respect for himself would be dining-room servant and hostler too, so they departed together. Then I fell into the hands of Judy—a plausible, smooth-talking darkey, and a good cook, but such a rogue. I had to lock up and follow after keys until life was a weariness. Her daughter was my house-girl, and I am sure between them they "appropriated" ten times as much as their wages amounted to. Of course I didn't keep them long. But I will not weary you with a list of my "incapables." Suffice it to say I tried more than a dozen in about two months.

Then I arose and spake as follows: "I am just determined to try to do the work of this household myself. There are only three of us in family, and I really think we ought to be independent of servants." "Certainly we can cook," said my husband, "Why, for the last two years of the war, after rations became too scarce for us to keep a servant, I did my share of the cooking for our 'mess,' and did it well, too, as any of the 'boys' will testify." Even our little boy, aged eight, grew valiant in the good cause, and announced that he could make a cake, for he had

watched Aunt Charlotte ever so many times. All these resolutions were passed over a supper of cold turkey, ham, light bread, wafers, jellies, etc., and a cup of coffee I had made up-stairs, and I really thought I should enjoy waiting upon ourselves and being independent. But somehow by the cold, gray light of morning I didn't feel near so much like cooking breakfast as I thought I should, and after breakfast was over I was dismayed at the amount of cleaning before me. But I set resolutely to work, washed and put away the china, swept and garnished the dining and sitting-rooms, and then repaired to my bed-chamber. Oh! scene of confusion. I "tackled" the bed first, though as I tugged at the heavy mattress I thought of my physician's warning not to lift any weight. While I was down on my knees rubbing the stone hearth, tinkle, tinkle went the door-bell. I twitched off my calico over-all and dusting cap, and went to admit some lady visitors, all in calling costume, and no doubt they thought me decidedly negligent of my personal appearance. I made no apology. I abhor the way some women have of everlastingly talking servants. They sat until time for dinner to be "on," and after they left I locked the front door, closed all the window blinds and just let the door-bell ring. I know Pipey or Chatty, or any of you good managers would have invited your visitors right into the kitchen and entertained them blithely, while you prepared the noon-day meal, or you would have said, "Just sit here in the parlor while I run out and 'fix' you a nice little lunch. But I didn't want any outsiders watching my culinary operations, and I didn't feel like fixing any nice lunches, so I just let them ring and go away again.

I am a good cook, having learned that art before I became mistress of a family, and by dinner-time I had a nice meal ready for the table, but I was too tired to eat any of it, and by the time the dishes were all washed and put away, and the kitchen cleaned, I had come to the conclusion that there were more things than I had dreamt of in the work of a family. The second day's experience was like unto the first, only more so. I scalded my hand, and in the pain and nervousness dropped a heavy dish on my foot. When my husband returned from his office that evening, instead of being able to meet him at the door with the prescribed smile and pleasant word, I was extended on the lounge in an agony of back-ache and general nervous prostration. Of course he was as kind and sympathetic as any good husband could be, and insisted that I should not get out of bed next day, but allow him, as it would be Sunday, to do the work. I was obliged to consent to this arrangement next morning, for I could hardly raise myself in bed. But with all due respect to his proficiency in matters pertaining to his own business, I must say I do not consider my husband a good cook, or by any means a competent housemaid; and however much love may sweeten labor, I am persuaded it does not clear coffee or make light cakes.

Before he was half through his morning's work he hit upon a plan to which I was fain to give my consent. He stepped over to the boarding-house next door, and asked the proprietor if she could not send us our meals, and let one of her chamber-maids come over every morning and assist in house-cleaning. She was quite willing to do so, and at dinner-time a pleasant-looking colored man brought over a huge tray, with a nice hot dinner for three. A little darkey followed with dessert, and I assure you I enjoyed that meal.

It took me several days to get thoroughly rested, and during that time I determined to give you a

sketch of housekeeping in the South. It is a rare thing for a lady here to do her own work. In the first place they were not "raised to it," and not many know how. Then we have but few of the conveniences to help us that our Yankee sisters have.

Southern kitchens are mostly built for negro servants, and they do not care for conveniences—in fact will not use them. I have tried various labor-saving machines without success. At one time I invested in a complete washing machine and wringer, and when showing my washerwoman how to use it, desecrated at length on its advantages over the old way of rubbing and scrubbing. She listened in ominous silence to all I had to say, and as soon as I left the wash-room she took all the clothes out and washed them in the old-fashioned way. When I discovered it, and remonstrated with her, she said, "I jes tell yer 't ruff, dis chile ain' got no manner er use fur none o' dese yere new fangled doin's, her'd a sight rather use de ole fashion elbow grease."

I have in my kitchen now, a first-rate biscuit-break, but every one of my cooks—Aunt Charlotte and all, have persisted in beating and banging the dough for an hour in preference to turning the break fifteen minutes. It is the same with apple-parers, egg-beaters, lemon squeezers, etc. Not a "colored pusson" will condescend to touch one of them. I once determined to insist upon my cook's using them until she grew to like them, and I thereby lost a good servant. She preferred to work for some one who would allow her to do it her own way.

My experience is that of every mistress I know who has tried to lighten their labors.

A lady who has a modern kitchen with sink, drain-pipes, etc., told me that her cook poured everything—apple-parings, corn-husks, ashes, etc., into the sink until the pipe was completely stopped up, and then shouldered her slops and "toted" them out in the old way; and as our servants won't avail themselves of conveniences, we naturally save ourselves the expense of providing them. Of course no well regulated Southern man is going to eat "cold victuals," and we cannot, like you, make one day's baking do for a whole week. *Somebody* must cook three meals every day. Hot rolls and cakes for breakfast, hot corn bread and cake for dinner, hot biscuit and waffles for supper, with the usual *hot* accompaniments each time, entail more work than most ladies are willing to undertake. We cannot get white servants, and so we hire two or three darkeys to do the work of one and go on our way rejoicing or lamenting, according to our different dispositions. For my part, I like colored servants. They are, in the main, good-natured and obliging, and often devoted to their employers. They are proverbially good cooks, and as a nurse for children, commend me to a "black mammy." I say this, notwithstanding my experience of the last two months. I had kept house eight years before, and all my life have been used to negroes, and I say it heartily, *I do like the darkeys*.

This morning the man who brings our breakfast told me he knew a nice "ooman" who would just "perzactly" suit me. I thanked him with a half dollar and an injunction to try and find me a nice house-girl, and a boy to 'tend our horse: and perhaps before you read this I will again be queen of my own domain, with a second Aunt Charlotte next in command of domestic affairs.

A SOUTHERN HOUSEKEEPER.

YELLOW ivory-handled knives may be restored to their original whiteness by being rubbed with sand-paper and emery.

WRINKLES AND DIMPLES; OR, MYSELF AND MY GIRLS.

No. 4.

ONE Saturday, not long ago, the girls wanted a holiday, a perfect rest from all kinds of every-day employment; so we told them to pile up their books, forget that they had them, and we'd "do something funny." The little ones wanted to make taffy; one suggested scrap-books; another looking over Aunt Chatty's old letters which hung in the closet in a couple of sacks; another the making of an artificial vine; but we said, "No, let's decorate." We had talked so frequently of trying our hands at decorating some glass vases, that really we were just as glad of the holiday as were any of the girls.

It happened that long ago a young physician died while boarding with myself and my husband. He was very poor, not able to pay for his boarding, nor for the nursing and care that we gave him in his last illness. When he died, alone and without relatives, his few possessions were left in our hands; nothing of any importance, however; but we remembered that those pretty, pure glass jars could be made into something to please the eye in these modern times. We told the girls about them, and sent them into the attic to select whatever was possible to utilize. Some glass vases that had belonged to our grandmother were brought out likewise, and we went to work, and really we were surprised and delighted with the result of our labors. Of course the neatest and the carefulest hand made the best work.

The Misses Hamilton were very busy finishing a dress, elaborately made, and could not work with us, but they looked on occasionally and gave a word of encouragement and advice. We were like a hive of busy bees that day; we did not stop to cook dinner, only made tea, and each one poured out a cup for herself, took a piece of bread and butter, a slice of cold, boiled beef, with an apple for dessert, and sat down to dine on the stairs, floor, ottoman, wood-box, or wherever she chanced to be.

Sometimes it is real nice not to have a man about, for then one does not have to cook such regular and such square meals; but during the cold days last winter we were glad to have Katie's brother Jasper board with us, to carry in wood and coal, and start fires in those bitter cold mornings.

But about the decorating. We hope we can at least make the *modus operandi* so plain and simple that anybody's girls can learn how to decorate vases and beautify common things like plain glass jars and glass dishes. The decorating-pictures can be purchased by the quantity; if not at the book, or fancy or notion stores in your own towns, look in any of the magazines among the advertisements and you will be amazed at the handful you can get for ten or fifteen cents, postage paid.

Before you begin, cut your pictures out with great care; see that they have no ragged, or uneven, or nicked edges. Then arrange them on the table in the exact order in which you wish to place them on the vase or jar. Place them so that they will occupy no more space on the vase than they do when spread out on the table before you. Your vase should be entirely free of any blemish, or bubble, or mark whatever. If there is any, it will be very apt to show ten times plainer after the job is completed.

Lest the work is not precise and exactly correct, the surface of the vase must be divided into four equal parts, in this manner: Take a thread and dip it into fine white soap that has been melted, stretch it

straight on the table, and place the vase on it in such a way as to have the thread divide the bottom of the vase into exact halves. Then bring the ends of the thread up, and together, over the mouth of the vase, so as to divide the mouth, too, into exact halves. Then, holding the thread firmly in this position, pass a finger along so as to mark the vase with a fine line of melted soap wherever the thread touches it. Let the vase stand untouched until the mark is dry, then make a similar line with a soaped thread around the middle of the vase, horizontally crossing the other line at right angles. See that this is done correctly; if not, go over it again and make it right, for a great deal depends on this little laying-out of the work. It must be accurate, or it will not be satisfactory. Place the pictures on the table in their relative positions, the same that they will occupy when transferred to the vase. Measure, and see that the four spaces they fill on the table are precisely of the same size as they will be afterward.

These preparations seem tedious, but it is only because they are written down; we could tell all this in one-fifth of the time that our bungling pen does it.

Well, now see that the inside of the vase is wiped out so carefully that not an atom of dust adheres; then take the first of your pictures, and laying it on the outside of the vase in the same position it occupied while lying on the table, trace its outlines on the glass with a pencil of soap shaved down to a very fine point; be careful not to touch the picture, but keep as close to the edge of it as possible, and not come in contact with it. Do this with each picture, and afterward put it back on the table just as its relative position was before.

When all are outlined, take up the first picture, coat its face with a strong, perfectly clean solution of gum arabic, and stick it in its place on the inside of the vase, guiding yourself by the outlines marked on the outside. Be very careful to fit it in its exact place; then, having finished the pasting-on process, mix a small bowlful of plaster of Paris and cold water; mix until about the consistency of a smooth batter. Pour this into the vase, and turn the latter round and round in your hands, up and down, and over and over, a constant motion all the time, but so evenly that the plaster will deposit itself in a symmetrical layer all over the inside of the vase. If you succeed in doing this well, and have made no blunders in the preceding work, you are pretty sure of a nice, creditable job, all your own work, too. If the plaster was not tinted, but made according to directions, you have a snow-white background. This is beautiful, and I made my vases and jars all pearl-white, but some of the girls colored theirs. This is easily done. A mere atom of bluing, dissolved in water and added, will give a blue tint; a speck of bichromate of potash, or of saffron, will give yellow; any of the aniline tints can be obtained that will produce all shades of red; and so on with other colors. But white, pure white, never grows old, and will always be pretty.

We wish the girls and women who are interested could see our vases, made, as the little ones say, with "these very same hands." We hope we have made real plain the instructions which we tried to give in a lucid manner. Anybody can decorate vases, with patience, and watchfulness, and a dexterous care.

Does any one of our readers care for transferring engravings, we wonder? A lady gave instructions to a half dozen girls in Millwood last summer, and they paid her well for all they learned. We will tell all she taught them, and they are most welcome to the knowledge gained. Lithographs are the best

pictures for this purpose. Now listen, for any little girl or boy can learn; and though it may not be reckoned one of the arts, or much of an accomplishment, it will keep them out of mischief, and teach them to be ready and expert of hand.

First make the varnish. Take two ounces of balsam of fir and one ounce of spirits of turpentine; shake well, and it is ready for use. Then take a pane of glass that is perfectly clear, and clean, and free from spot or blemish, and with a camel's-hair brush varnish on one side, making it perfectly smooth. Let it stand twelve hours; then lay the engraving in clear water for ten minutes; then lay it on a newspaper that the moisture may dry from the surface, and still keep the other side damp. Now varnish your glass the second time, and place the engraving on it, picture-side down; press it down firmly and smoothly, so as to exclude every particle of air; see that not a bubble the size of a pin's head, or smaller, is under it. After it becomes set a little, rub the paper from the back of the picture until it is of uniform thickness, and so thin that you can see through it; then all you have to do is to varnish it the third time, and let it dry. This is only pleasant recreation; and if any of the girls want to make a copy of that pretty lithograph, "Moonlight in Norway," to give your old grandma or auntie for a present, you will know how to make it just as well as if you had paid three or five dollars for the knowledge.

We wish you girls who are glad to pick up information from milliners and dressmakers could peep into the rooms at Aunt Chatty's house and watch the Misses Hamilton awhile. They are glad to impart any little bits of intelligence such as you would like to know. We are in their rooms every day; but an old woman don't observe the manner in which these girls make new things out of old, nor how they put on the trimmings to answer a double purpose; how they turn this to hide a rent, or that to conceal a faded place or a stain; or how they put folds here to give a semblance of fullness; or make plain that the beautiful curve or slope in the figure may show to one's advantage. But we'll try and watch more diligently hereafter; we'll remember that we have more girls listening to us than these few in the sitting-room and at the table. Sometimes we forget that we are "aunt" to so many; that our motherly counsel reaches away so far distant, right into the bosoms of homes among the mountains and the valleys, to the east and the west, the north and the south. With good promises, adieu.

CHATTY BROOKS.

FROM MY CORNER.

No. 37.

IS there a charm for you in old letters, reader? Do you have bundles of them tied up carefully, and laid away under everything else, in some drawer or trunk? And do you take them out at long intervals, thinking you will look over and burn some, to lessen the accumulating number, but find the most of them too precious, and finally put them away again, hoping to read them once more? I am sure that some of you keep such treasures, and find many of them interesting to read over when in the mood for it, and pages that are entertaining to share with some appreciative friend, perhaps. I have many that keep such hold on my affection, yet I cannot destroy them voluntarily, as long as they are not in the way. The other day I gathered them up—some which I had not seen for four or five years—and have been spending an hour at a time over them, since, as eyesight will permit. The first little pack-

age contained a few of the first letters I ever received, when hardly more than a child—after we left the old home in Kentucky, to come to this far-away State. Two or three were from the dearest girl friend of my childhood, and bring me bright visions of the happy days we spent together. Another is from her brother, also the companion of those early years. Together we played in the beautiful gardens of each other's homes, sat under the old apple-tree, or climbed into my favorite peach-tree, whose crooked, branching limbs made rustic seats, and told stories from the books we read; took long walks, on bright afternoons, wandering through the old cemetery, and the outskirts of the town, and were happy in the unquestioned belief that our lives were always to go on together. What a grief it was to us to be separated when I came away, and on leaving them, and all the other friends of childhood, I felt as if I could not be happy at all without them. Yet, new interests and associations soon effaced these feelings in such young, light hearts, and I never saw those faces again, save as pictured ones. The sweet girlish face grew old and sad, before its time, with sorrows and losses which came into the young life; and the bright boyish one I remember so well, was laid away from earthly sight in early manhood's prime. There is a little valentine, and a pencil picture of our pretty summer-house, and the garden around it, done up with these, which were once as precious as the letters. Then there is a long friendly epistle from the dear pastor of the church where I first loved to worship. His words of wisdom and gentle counsel early gave me help in trying to walk the path of duty, and his bright approving smile was something I was always glad to win. When I came away to a place where I was deprived of such teachings for awhile, he still gave me admonition and encouragement in kind, good letters. The next parcel is tied with a piece of the pale green ribbon which I remember so well was worn on my hat during that spring when I reached womanhood's years,

"When dear hearts discovered,

While dear hands were laid on my head—

"The child is a woman, the books may lie over,
For all the lessons are said."

Among these are long letters from loving sisters, written when I was away from home, visiting in that beautiful southern land, where the roses bloom all the year, and the gardens of midwinter looked, to me, like summer. There are large sheets filled with home items, neighborhood news, girl chat, and—some of the last—with plans for a great event in their lives to take place in the near future.

How homesick these made me sometimes; but I was enjoying myself too much in that lovely spot to leave it before the appointed time. Then after returning home, what delightful letters I received, during the next year, from the friends whom I had been visiting. What accounts of the pleasures they enjoyed, the work they were doing, and of how they missed and wished for me. How these often made me long to be there again, ranging under the trees where rose-vines clambered and the long gray moss hung nearly to the ground. Riding to the great city in the cars, walking at sunset on the bank of the grand old river, with a group of young companions, spending happy evenings at one and another's houses. Those were the halcyon days of my life, which always bear a charmed memory.

There is one little packet tied with a silver cord, whose letters are all addressed in the same clear, graceful characters. Ah! the little white hand that

wrote them, finished its life-work years ago, and the precious letters—I put them by without reading any of them this time. Then there are two large bundles of miscellaneous ones, from cousins and companions, friends old and new, written during nearly all the following years.

Dozens have been burned from time to time, but still they accumulated. I smile or sigh as I glance over many of them, and note passages that show the characteristics of the various writers. What recitals of hopes and joys, sorrows and disappointments, plans that met with failure or fruition, their pages hold. Bits of romance, which would be interesting enough, were I to tell them, but they are sacred confidences. One is written entirely in verse. News of the day, personal items, and finally a summer trip in the country, described all in perfect and humorous rhyme. Two contains notes of travel in Europe, and three or four were written during a summer tour among the cañons of the Colorado, and are descriptive of the grand, wild scenery, which surpasses almost any other in the known world. It will not do to burn these. At last I take up one of the most precious parcels, and these I linger over longest. Letters from the dear brown-eyed woman by the seashore, which are the most interesting of all to re-read. Here are a few, yellow with age, and worn with much handling and reading, which were written to mother, when both were young, and coaxed from her, to put with the rest that I treasure. These are full of girlish fun and chat—real newsy letters. Then after I was grown, and corresponded with her myself, I kept some of each year's letters, too good and pleasant to be destroyed. Rich treats they were, coming into our lonely out-of-the-world life, for a few years, when I most needed forming influences and the society of cultivated minds. They were grave and gay, alternately—some embellished with pages of deep, true sentiment, others with beautiful description, flowing humor, touching pathos, mingled in one sheet, perhaps, by her versatile pen. In some of the oldest she tells of the beauties of her country home—the grand old trees and vines that embower the house, the many flowers unknown to me, the honeysuckle arbor where she invites me to sit and write my first attempts at poetry, which she will not criticize severely, if I will visit her; the brook which runs through their place, "rippling along its rocky bed with its musical murmur, all the summer-time, and rushing like a young cataract, when swollen by winter rains;" and, finally, the far-reaching prairies, which are one vast flower-garden. She says in one: "Nowhere that I have seen is the world of nature so beautiful as in Texas. Just imagine each head of clover in your yard to be crowned with an exquisite flower—and they of every hue, each offering up its incense of sweet odor, and you will have a picture of our yard. Then extend this picture, in imagination, to the whole country around, and you will know what is meant by the beauty of a Texas prairie in the spring. How often have I wished for you to see it. The little herbarium I sent can give but a faint idea of the brilliancy of the flowers in full bloom, much less of the enchantment of seeing them in such excessive, such wonderful profusion."

Farther on in the same letter, I read a paragraph in answer to something I had just written to her. "I had a whole chapter of seventeen-year-old reflections to give you, but want of time forbids it just now. Yet this I will say, don't reflect too deeply about anything in the future. 'Tis of no use—that is, query and speculation are of no use, or never were

in my case. 'Look not mournfully into the past—it comes not back again; wisely improve the present—it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart?' Such is beautifully said by Longfellow in his 'Hyperion.' I add—with God for thy guide. It seems to me, a brief expression of the whole true philosophy of life."

In later years from her "cottage by the sea," she gives me glimpses, in pen-pictures, of the grandeur of old ocean. Glorious sunsets in the crimson waters, walks upon the beach in sight of the white-capped waves, with myriads of tinted shells under foot, and the never-ceasing murmur in one's ears. One evening when not feeling well, she writes: "This perfectly beautiful night ought to charm any one out of all ailments of the flesh. That moon shining on the water! the light and shadow playing hide and seek through the trees—oh, how I wish you could see it all as I do! I am always wishing that, however. It is one of my stereotyped follies or weaknesses. But it is because this is a phase of nature which you are not familiar with, and that boundless sea, with its ever-changing aspect—always so grand, is so suggestive to the poetic mind, and affords it such delightful food, I feel that you ought to have it instead of me."

I wonder what mind is *more* poetical than hers. But she says that although she had a poet's heart, even when a child, she never had the gift of utterance for it; and then comments humorously upon "what the world has lost, of genius, in consequence," and what *I* have lost—in pocket-money! An author's fortune, perhaps. Do you not think so? I cannot give the beautiful words she writes in times of sorrow and bereavement—they are too sacred; nor those of cheering encouragement and spicy humor about my writings, they are too personal; but I quote once more from some thoughts of hers, written at a time when she was feeling much anxiety about an absent dear one. They were suggested by a little poem I sent her a few years ago on the subject of "that peace which passeth understanding." "Such peace," she says, "is the culmination of the Christian's hopes, prayers and his blessings. 'Not as the world giveth.' Does the world ever give any true peace, I wonder? If so, I have rarely seen it. With the world's choicest blessings comes no peace, for the more the heart clings to and enjoys them, the deeper the tremulous fear lest we lose them. In whatever form our bark of love is launched, we know it is on a stormy sea, and it and we may be wrecked. No, it is a plain fact—there is no true, abiding peace, except from a source above this world, and its existence maintained independent of the vicissitudes of this life. Something that the current of events can neither make nor mar. Then, truly it is not the world's gift. 'Not as the world giveth give I unto you.' Lichen, dear, that peace, which is the soul's true and only rest, is the highest point and aim of existence, and if one attains it in this life, even through pain, and weariness, and long struggling, then have those many trials been paths all leading directly to the gate of Heaven."

Oh, these dear old letters! I could go on reading and quoting from them much longer, but it would not be interesting to you, as to me; and the evening shadows are making my little corner too dark to write in. So I put away my letters, for another year, perhaps, and lay down my pencil, with the hope that these little reminiscences will find some appreciative readers.

LICHEN.

EARNEST TALKS.

No. 3.

"Alas! all greeting ends too soon!
Too soon the morning finds its noon!
We glide from new to old of moon,
And meet, and greet, and part!
But God-speeds warm and true we blend
With each adieu of parting friend,
And hopes that all the way may wend
Where fragrant blossoms start!"

MEETING and parting, greeting and good-bye! What is life but this? But yesterday it seems I came with loving welcome among the dear ones in the old home, and now the visit is over; to-morrow I say good-bye. To-morrow I leave the bloom and verdure even winter cannot wholly hide in this sun-blest clime, and go once more to the snow-bound hills of the North. But there, too, love will welcome me, and I fear not. How strangely joy and pain mingle as I say good-bye—joy in thought of the meeting awaiting me there, pain for the parting here.

Ah, why must there always be some to leave behind whom we would fain take with us, whose dear smiles we would see day by day? Shall I ever come among them here again? If I came, would I find them *all*? He alone can know who knoweth all things. To His love and care I leave them, knowing whatever He may do is best. But, ah, 'tis hard to say good-bye! Must we always be waiting and hoping for the time when we shall meet, an unbroken circle, never more to part or weary? Always in this world it may be; but angels whisper of another world where it will not be so—a world where partings are unknown, where those who love each other best may have a home together through eternity's beautiful years. Oh, the bliss of meeting never more to part! Life's long discipline will be over then. We shall each have learned the lesson set us by Infinite Wisdom, and gone to meet His loving, unerring judgment. If we have lived as we ought, we shall go fearlessly, even as I go from the old Southern home to the newer one at the North. Here or there, it is love that guides our way, going before us as a "cloud by day, a pillar of fire by night." Here or there, the Father-hand leads us step by step, appointing alike our joys and our sorrows, teaching us to gather strength from both.

Leigh Hunt, in his quaint, beautiful way, says: "There is seldom a line of glory written upon the earth's surface but a line of suffering runs parallel with it; and they who read the lustrous syllables of the one, and stoop not to decipher the spotted and worn inscription of the other, get the least half of the lesson earth has to give."

I think of it so often when my heart cries out against its trials, and would read the "lustrous syllables" alone. Pain and suffering seem an inevitable part of earth-life. In our wisest moments, we dimly see why it is and must be so, and feel it to be but a part of the discipline of a wise Parent seeking to bring us—who, at best, are but wayward children—to higher, better things. Our lives oftentimes seem so different from what we would have them. Sorrow comes where we looked not for it; disquiet where most we wished for rest; disappointment where hope pointed with surest promise. We question, and wonder, and doubt; we cry out against it all for a time; but by and by faith comes, and, sitting at her feet, we learn many things of which we knew not before. Thick clouds of doubt break and disappear before the radiance of her smile; her clear eyes look from to-

day's troubles to the calm of eternal to-morrows; and, taught by her, where we may not *know*, we learn to *trust*, and then comes peace far better than joy.

"Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—but far off—at last to all,
And every winter change to spring."

Not in this world, perhaps, but what is this little world compared with the one to which, through summer's brightness and winter's darkness, we are ever tending? What are its sorrows and trials, its joys and blessings, compared with the unending peace and joy of eternity? Jesus, "for the joy that was set before Him," bore the cross and endured the shame; cannot we learn to do the same? Only a little day here, unnumbered days there; a little work here, a greater, more glorious work there. Surely we can bear it all for what cometh after. This is but the beginning of the other; life here is but a stepping-stone to the higher life. Yet how many of us remember it and try to make it truly so? It is so easy to float with the tide, all forgetting that its course is downward. To go up demands effort and exertion, not a selfish folding of the hands, but a firm grasp on the oars, a steady, unyielding effort. It is easy to float with the tide, but noble to struggle against it, and go onward—upward.

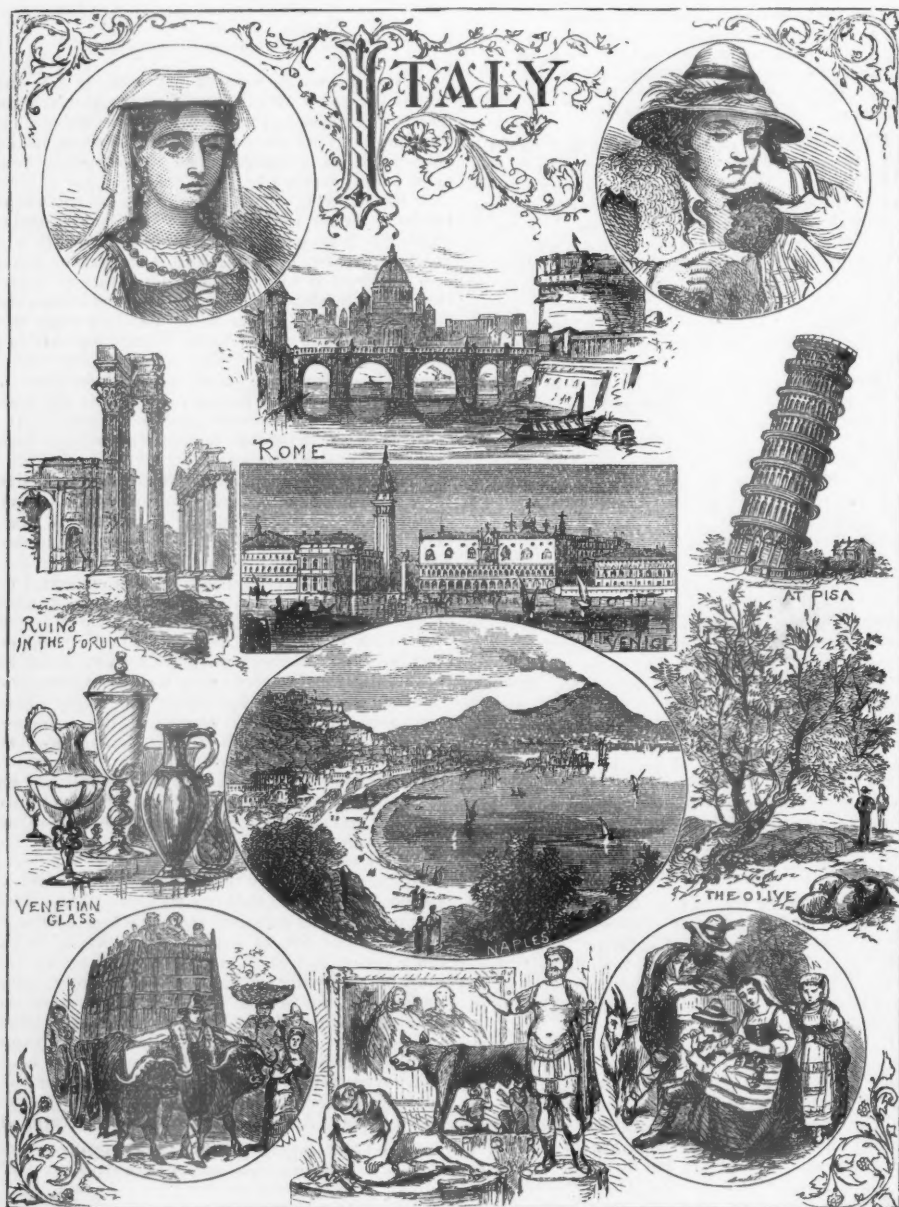
"No man liveth to himself alone" who truly lives. Life has higher, nobler purposes than selfish ease and enjoyment. The true man or woman thinks not of self, but is ever engaged in promoting the happiness of those around them. How constantly I am reminded of this in the life of her whom, with proud love, I call mother. If you could but know her! A noble, beautiful woman, one who wears her crown of motherhood with royal grace, and yet with deep modesty and humility, all unconscious of her own worth and beauty. I have wanted oft to tell of her, yet knew not how, for all words seem poor and empty when I would describe her. A very quiet life is hers—is not the sunshine ever quiet? We read of good and beautiful things—she *lives* them all. How easy for all around her to believe in the Jesus she loves and follows with patient, unwearied feet. "Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." Only God and the angels may know the full measure of good coming from every such life as hers—only they can give full reward for the good deeds done, the kindly words spoken. There will be such glad surprises for her when she sees the record of her life, as kept by angel hands in that other home, and receives the beautiful crown they must be preparing for her. Ah, these noble, loving mothers! Like beacon lights on rocky coasts they stand amid the darkness, sin, error and crime strewn over our fair land. While they are left, we cannot despair. True mothers make true homes; true homes true government. Wrong may triumph for a time, but right will surely conquer in the end. We work and fear not. And while we work let us remember

"Life is only bright when it proceedeth
Toward a truer, deeper life above;
Human love is sweetest when it leadeth
To a more divine and perfect love."

EARNEST.

OUR love for the dead ought not to cramp our sympathies, our duty, or our work for the living. Inevitable, we should always be so far prepared for it as to accept it for ourselves without repining, and for those whom we love best with submission.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.



ITALY.

ITALY, one of the most beautiful of beautiful lands, has been from remote antiquity a country of deep interest to surrounding nations. At a date so ancient as to be almost beyond the domain of authentic history, the early Greeks sent colonies into

the lovely peninsula of Hesperia, then, as now, a region of smiling fruitfulness, spread beneath a wondrous sky. Virgil's poem, "The *Aeneid*," describes the wanderings of a company of adventurers after the Trojan war, and their final settlement upon the western coast, not far from the spot upon which was reared the city of Lavinium.

The Etruscans, or inhabitants of ancient Tuscany, then called Etruria, are among the most interesting of the old races. A glimpse of the height of their civilization, and their astonishing degree of proficiency in art, may be gained from their elegant vases and ornaments excavated within the last few years. Rome, founded 752, B. C., by Romulus, from its origin as a few rude huts until its prime as a fair city of marble palaces, and until its present condition as a melancholy spectacle of decayed grandeur, has been a source of never-failing study and inquiry among students of all nations and degrees, for the history of empire, of art, of literature, of science and of Christianity, are indissolubly bound up with that of this "Niobe of nations."

The expression just quoted is from Byron, and it is his forcible way of saying that the great city has become as a stricken woman, weeping alone in her desolation—which, indeed, in modern times, has been the case. Rome, aforesaid the metropolis of the world, and the land of which it was the capital, declined to a mere shadow of their former greatness. But, within our own memory, a better day has dawned, and the petty States into which the country had been broken up are now united under one government. Italy, famous for its history, its poetry, its art and its antiquities, may yet be famous also for its national grandeur.

The climate of Italy is warm, dry and genial, and the soil exceedingly fertile; but near Rome are extensive marshes, which are rendered uninhabitable through fever for a large proportion of the year. The vegetable productions are chiefly the olive, the lemon, the orange and the vine. The minerals are iron, lead, quicksilver, alum and alabaster. The animals are such as are found in Southern Europe generally. Italy exports velvets, silks, straw hats, olive oil, sardines and dried fruits.

The Apennines are the great central mountain-chain, in which is found the celebrated Carrara marble. Vesuvius, the active volcano, is near the Bay of Naples. In the year A. D. 79, occurred the terrible eruption which buried the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. These have been partially excavated, and many striking discoveries have been made, showing us to-day how the old Romans lived.

The principal rivers are the Po, the Arno and the Tiber. Among the most famous cities, besides Rome, are Florence, Venice, Milan and Naples. The first two are noted for their works of art, the next for its cathedral, and the last for the exceeding beauty of its situation. Bologna and Padua have been known from the Middle Ages as seats of great universities.

The Italians are a handsome people, with dark hair and eyes. They are impulsive, generous, but passionate, and they excel in music and painting. In the northern cities they are generally well educated, but throughout the land many are ignorant and superstitious. Toward the south, brigands still infest the mountains.

Some of the great Italians of antiquity were Horace, Virgil, Cicero, Ovid and Juvenal; among those who lived later were Petrarch, Dante, Tasso, Ariosto, Galileo, Leonardo de Vinci, Michael Angelo, Titian, Raphael and countless others equally famous. And at present there are many brilliant names promising a future for this wonderful land no less illustrious than its renowned past.

In your play be careful
Not to give another pain;
And if others hurt or tease you,
Never do the like again.

BRICK BY BRICK.

THERE is nothing more trying to a wide-awake, ambitious boy, who has obtained a place in a large establishment, than the humble work he is obliged to do for so many long months before he is promoted. A lad said, the first thing he did in a store was to pick up and assort a keg of nails of different sizes, which his employer turned out on the floor. It did not seem much like a beginning "to learn store-keeping," but it was an important stepping-stone. He learned one lesson, if nothing more.

When Erastus Corning was a little lad, and seeking for a place in a store, he was asked with a smile: "What can you do?"

"I can do what I am told," said the child.

He was engaged, and proved most worthy of the confidence placed in him. That was his stepping-stone to fortune. Doing as he was told. That was one lesson the boy learned over the disagreeable task of picking up the nails.

A boy from a wealthy family was received into a large establishment, but found there was no royal road to business advancement. He had to begin at the bottom of the ladder, just as the poorest boy in the store did. He often wondered why his employers kept him two long years assorting shoes and handling great sides of leather. But when he became a salesman, all was plain, for he was able at a glance to tell almost the exact worth of a pair of shoes, or the quality of a side of leather.

No theoretical knowledge can take the place of practical knowledge. We must put our own hands to the plow, and go over the ground time and again, before we can ever make a straight furrow. It is astonishing what skill comes of practice. Repetition makes the most difficult matters easy, and seems almost to add a sixth sense. The old tellers in banks can count off with the greatest rapidity vast piles of coin, casting aside, as if by intuition, all the light pieces. Their fingers have learned to weigh like the nicest balance. Remember the stepping-stones, boys and girls, if you would ever make any true advancement in life. All this humble, hard work, is as needful as the separate bricks of a building.

THE CHARITY THAT COVERETH.

"DEAR MOSS," said the old Thatch, "I am so worn, so patched, so ragged; really I am quite unsightly. I wish you would come and cheer me up a little; you will hide all my infirmities and defects, and through your loving sympathy no finger of contempt or dislike will be pointed at me."

"I come," said the Moss; and it crept up and around, and in and out, till every flaw was hidden, and all was smooth and fair. Presently the sun shone out, and old Thatch looked glorious in the golden rays.

"How beautiful the Thatch looks!" cried one.

"How beautiful the Thatch looks!" cried another.

"Ah!" cried the old Thatch, "rather let them say how beautiful is the loving Moss, that spends itself in covering all my faults, keeping the knowledge of them all to herself, and by her own grace making my age and poverty wear the garb of youth and luxuriance."

Housekeepers' Department.

WHAT WE EAT.

THE adulteration of food and drinks has become almost as general as the use of the article itself. Scarcely an article used by men in civilized countries has escaped this process, where it was possible to unite some cheaper substance with it. Flour, coffee, tea, sugar, butter and a hundred other articles, are well-known to be the commonest articles that undergo this adulteration process. The methods have been so often exposed, that the public are tolerably acquainted with the manipulations these substances undergo at the hands of experts.

Bread, truthfully called the staff of life, is no exception to this rule.

The *New York Post* has been giving this subject some attention, and has published the results of some remarkable investigations, which are worthy the close attention of thoughtful people.

From its recent exposure of the use of *burnt alum* in some brands of baking-powders, in place of cream of tartar, the following extracts are mainly taken:

Pursuing the investigation of the quality of the food sold in this city, the representative of the *Evening Post* took up baking-powder as one of the articles in most general use in our households. It is used by nearly every family in the city, and it is naturally of great importance to those who eat the food made with it to know whether it contains anything injurious to health.

There are certain constituents of good baking-powder which may be regarded as entirely free from danger. They consist of pure grape cream of tartar, bicarbonate of soda and carbonate of ammonia. The cream of tartar unites with the other two ingredients, and carbonic acid gas is thrown off, producing the same effect as yeast in a much shorter time. It has been found, however, that alum will also unite with the other two articles, and carbonic acid gas will be produced. As alum costs less than three cents, while cream of tartar costs more than thirty cents, a pound, it is easy to see why alum is substituted for the latter by some baking-powder manufacturers. It is admitted by all medical authorities that cream of tartar leaves no injurious substance in the bread; alum, on the other hand, is in itself an astringent, and there is a wide and deep-seated prejudice against its use. In England and other countries the adulteration of food with alum is forbidden by law under heavy penalties. The chemical effect of alum used in bread to whiten it is to form two salts of alumina—the sulphate and the phosphate of alumina. When used in baking-powder the alum forms a third salt, the hydrate of alumina, as well as the other two. This hydrate of alumina is far more easily soluble than the other two; hence any objection that may exist as to the use of alum alone in bread applies with greater force to its use in baking-powder. This fact can be proven by the following-named authorities:

Parke is the leader in the new school of hygiene in England. In his "Treatise on Hygiene," he says: "Looking then to the positive evidence, and the reasonableness of that evidence, it seems to me extremely likely that strongly alumed bread does produce the injurious effects ascribed to it." These effects, as he previously states, are indigestion, griping, constipation and kindred troubles, resulting from

irritation of the mucous membrane, produced by the astrigent properties of alum.

In Dr. Hammond's work on hygiene, written in 1860, the following passages occur: "Alum acts by rendering the albumen (in the bread) less soluble." "The use of alum in bread is injurious, both because it tends to conceal the bad quality of the flour employed, and because it is capable of exercising an injurious effect upon the bread by rendering it indigestible. It is also probable that the continued ingestion of alum is calculated to disorder the healthy action of the digestive system."

Persons who have not strong constitutions, growing girls, young children and nursing mothers, are particularly liable to the evil effects produced by this use of alum. Heartburn and the prevalent forms of indigestion are often solely traceable to the action of alum on the delicate coats of the stomach. Those who think the size of the dose is too small to be dangerous, will see by the accompanying analysis that the dose is not so small after all; moreover, even a small dose may have serious results.

To make sure of knowing the action of alum, the *Evening Post's* representative obtained the following expressions of opinion as to its effect when used in baking-powder from some physicians of New York of the highest reputation and ability.

Dr. William A. Hammond, formerly Surgeon-General United States, of No. 43 West Fifty-fourth Street, expressed himself as perfectly certain of the injurious effects of alum, whether used alone to whiten bread, or as an adulterant of baking-powders. Alluding to the claim advanced that the alum was neutralized and changed into an insoluble salt, he said that this was a wholly improbable assumption, since such a perfect change could not take place unless the amount of the alum and the bicarbonate of soda were combined in the exact chemical ratio necessary for each to absorb all of the other. Not only was this impossible in the manufacture of large quantities of baking-powder, but the homogeneous character of the compound could not be exactly maintained throughout the whole mass, and therefore there would be sure to be a certain amount of free alum in any bread made with an alum baking-powder. But even if the exact proportion were maintained, the salts formed would retain their injurious properties, as they would be dissolved in the gastric juice. The gastric juice contained not only lactic acid, but a large amount of hydro-chloric acid, and both the sulphate and hydrate of alumina would be dissolved. The phosphate might not be, but in that case the bread would be deprived of one of its most desirable ingredients, making the use of alum not only dangerous to the stomach, but deteriorating to the food.

"The hydrate of alumina," Dr. Hammond said, "would certainly be injurious to the mucous membrane. It would inevitable tend to constipate the bowels and interfere with digestion; and anything that tends to render the albumen of the bread insoluble, and therefore takes away from its nutritive value, is injurious."

Dr. Willard Parker said that if alum was substituted for cream of tartar in baking-powder, in his opinion such powder would be injurious to the health.

Dr. Alonzo Clark considers that alum has its uses,

but it should not be ignorantly taken into the stomach in food. A substance which can derange the stomach, and in certain cases produces vomiting, should not be tolerated in baking-powder.

Having obtained the foregoing medical opinions, the reporter investigated a number of brands of baking-powder. The Brooklyn Board of Health and the New York Board of Health have both ordered an official investigation of baking-powder, and the Sanitary Superintendent of the Brooklyn Board has made his report, in which he says: "From a careful examination, I am satisfied that the weight of evidence is against the use of alum in baking-powders, and that the risks incurred in its use are too great to be incurred for the sake of cheapness alone."

The analysis of the various baking-powders, as officially reported by the Brooklyn Board, reveals only two brands containing alum being sold in that city—Dooley's and Patapsco.

As to the cream of tartar powders, the same report mentions the Royal Baking-Powder as free from alum and perfectly wholesome.

There are probably more than five hundred kinds of baking-powder manufactured in this country; and, while some of them are sold from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the majority have only a local sale near their respective places of manufacture. Through Dr. Henry A. Mott, Jr., the well-known chemist, one of the most competent, trustworthy and careful experts of this country, the following analyses were obtained, showing the presence of alum in large quantities in many of the baking-powders having a wide sale. Dr. Mott kindly furnished, not only the results of his own analyses, but also those of several chemists of high professional standing, including Professor Henry Morton, president Stevens' Institute of Technology; Professor R. W. Shedler; Dr. Stillwell, of Woltz & Stillwell, analytical chemists; and Professor Patrick, of Missouri.

Dr. Mott's report is as follows:

Dear Sir:—In accordance with your request, I herewith embody the results of the analysis of baking-powders, from samples procured during the last three months, in all of which alum was found as an important ingredient:

"DOOLEY'S,"	Contains Alum.
(Dooley & Brother, New York.)	
"PATAPSCO,"	Contains Alum.
(Smith, Hanway & Co., Baltimore, Md.)	
"CHARM,"	Contains Alum.
(Rohrer, Christian & Co., St. Louis)	
ANDREWS' "REGAL,"	Contains Alum.
(C. E. Andrews & Co., Milwaukee.)	
"QUEEN,"	Contains Alum.
(Bennett & Sloan, New Haven, Ct.)	
"VIENNA,"	Contains Alum.
(Church & Co., New York City.)	
"ORIENT,"	Contains Alum.
(Crouse, Walrath & Co., Syracuse, N. Y.)	
"AMAZON,"	Contains Alum.
(Erskine & Erskine, Louisville, Ky.)	
"LAKESIDE,"	Contains Alum.
(C. O. Perrine, Chicago, Ill.)	
"TWIN SISTERS,"	Contains Alum.
(Union Chemical Works, Chicago, Ill.)	
"SUPERLATIVE,"	Contains Alum.
(A. W. Zietlow & Co., New York.)	
"KING,"	Contains Alum.
"WHITE LILY,"	Contains Alum.
(Jewett, Sherman & Co., Milwaukee, Wis.)	
"MONARCH,"	Contains Alum.
(Ricker, Crombie & Co., Milwaukee, Wis.)	

"ONE SPOON,"	Contains Alum.
(Taylor Manufacturing Co., St. Louis.)	
"GILLET'S,"	Contains Alum.
(Gillet, McCulloch & Co., Chicago.)	
"IMPERIAL,"	Contains Alum.
(Spragues, Warner & Griswold, Chicago.)	
"HONEST,"	Contains Alum.
(Schoch & Wechsler, St. Paul, Minn.)	
"ECONOMICAL,"	Contains Alum.
(Spencer Bros. & Co., Chicago, Ill.)	
"EXCELSIOR,"	Contains Alum.
(L. E. Taylor, Chicago, Ill.)	
"CHATRES,"	Contains Alum.
(Thomas & Taylor, Chicago.)	
"GIANT,"	Contains Alum.
(W. F. McLaughlin, Chicago)	
"QUEEN,"	Contains Alum.
(Star Chemical Works, Chicago)	

Yours very truly,

HENRY A. MOTT, Jr., Ph.D., E.M.

New York, January 5th, 1879.

Having obtained the foregoing, the reporter questioned some of the manufacturers of baking-powder.

One of the manufacturers visited was the Royal Baking-Powder Company, No. 171 Duane Street, N.Y., manufacturers of the Royal Baking-Powder, a brand which the report of Brooklyn Board of Health revealed to be pure.

Mr. J. C. Hoagland, president of the company, gave the following replies:

REPORTER. "What is the cause of the present excitement about baking-powders?"

MR. HOAGLAND. "It is due to the substitution of alum for cream of tartar by some manufacturers."

REPORTER. "Have you ever used any alum in the Royal Baking-Powder?"

MR. HOAGLAND. "No, sir."

REPORTER. "But I find that it is used by others. What is it used for?"

MR. HOAGLAND. "I presume because it is cheaper than cream of tartar, which it replaces."

REPORTER. "You would, therefore, obtain a larger profit by using alum than by using cream of tartar?"

MR. HOAGLAND. "Yes, for a time such substitution would more than double our profits."

REPORTER. "Why, then, do you not use it?"

MR. HOAGLAND. "For two reasons: first, the authorities on this point are so positive and conclusive that the continued use of alum in this way is dangerous to health, that we could not conscientiously use it; if others choose to take risks on the public health, we shall not follow them, preferring to continue the use of pure grape cream of tartar, which is demonstrated to be wholesome; second, our experience during twenty years has satisfied us that that which is best for the public is best for us. We cannot afford to peril the reputation of the Royal Baking-Powder."

REPORTER. "Can you give me any information about cream of tartar, how and where you procure it?"

MR. HOAGLAND. "There are several substitute or 'patent' cream of tartars on the market, principally made from bones treated with a strong corrosive acid; but the cream of tartar we use is a fruit acid; it exists naturally in the grape, and during fermentation of the tart wines of France it is deposited on the sides and bottom of the casks. In its unrefined state it is called *crude tartar*, or *argols*, and is taken from the casks after the wine is drawn off. Each farmer has his crop of it, according to the

amount of wine he has produced. This company is the largest user of cream of tartar in the world, and we have our agents in various parts of Europe collecting the crude material. It is imported into this country as Argols, and then subjected to the higher processes of refining, by which it is purified especially for our purposes, forming pure white crystals, which we grind to powder, and in this form we use it as an ingredient of our baking-powder."

Other interviews were had, all to the same general effect, namely, that alum is used by many manufacturers to cheapen their powder, and enable them to undersell their competitors. Many of them are probably ignorant of the evil effects of alum on the system, while others are indifferent so long as they make money, and no one can be said to have dropped dead from taking their powder.

Dr. Mott, the Government Chemist, in his view of this subject in the *Scientific American*, makes special mention of having analyzed the Royal Baking-Powder, and found it composed of wholesome materials, having for its active principle pure grape cream of tartar instead of alum. He also advises the public to avoid purchasing baking-powders as sold loose or in bulk, as he found by analysis of many samples

that the worst adulterations are practiced in this form—the label and trade-mark of a well-known and responsible manufacturer, he adds, is the best protection the public can have.

By this exposure of the injurious effect of alum in baking-powders, the public must not be frightened from using baking-powders when properly made—of which there are a number in the market. In fact baking-powders are a great convenience, as the constituents are so combined that their use is always attended with success; and there is no danger of biscuits made with them having an alkaline taste, or being impregnated with yellow specks or streaks, as is often the case when ordinary cream of tartar and soda are used. This results from the fact that the ordinary cream of tartar found in the market is adulterated from 10 to 90 per cent. with foreign substances; consequently it becomes necessary to change the proportion to be used with every new lot, which can only be correctly arrived at by a chemical analysis of the cream of tartar. As a matter of healthfulness as well as convenience, it is much better to use a properly made baking-powder, than to trust to the uncertainty of procuring pure cream of tartar and soda.

Incidents and Anecdotes.

THE first superintendent of our coast survey was Ferdinand R. Hasslar, a native of Switzerland, and a man well fitted for the work. The following amusing anecdote is from an article in a late number of *Harper's Magazine*:

Hasslar was hampered and embarrassed continually by limited appropriations. His operations were not of that character easily seen; Congress wondered continually what he was about. While he was systematizing methods and training assistants, Congress was shrugging its shoulders and clamoring because results were inadequate to the expenditure. Hasslar was an eccentric man of irascible disposition and great independence of character. On one occasion a committee from Congress waited upon him in his office to inspect his work.

"You come to 'spect my vork, eh? Vat you know 'bout my vork? Vat you going to 'spect?"

The gentlemen, conscious of their ignorance, tried to smooth his ruffled temper by an explanation, which only made matters worse.

"You knows nothing at all 'bout my vork. How can you 'spect my vork, ven you knows nothing? Get out of here; you in my way. Congress be von big vool to send you to 'spect my vork. I 'ave no time to vaste vith such as knows notting vat I am 'bout. Go back to Congress and tell dem vat I say."

The committee did "go back to Congress" and report, amid uproarious laughter, the result of their inspecting interview.

The following pleasant anecdote of Burns is told, or revived by an exchange. When Burns was first invited to dine at Dunlop House, a west country dame, who acted as housekeeper, appeared to doubt the propriety of her mistress entertaining a mere plowman who made rhymes, as if he were a gentlemen of old descent. By way of convincing her of the bard's right to such a distinction, Mrs. Dunlop gave her the "Cotter's Saturday Night" to read. This she soon did, and, returning the volume with a strong shake of the head, said: "Nae doubt ladies and gentlemen

think muckle of this, but for me it's nathing but what I saw i' my father's house every day, and I dinna see how he could hae tould it in ony other way."

A PRETTY story is told in the local columns of *The Springfield Republican* of two children who went to church together. They took a seat near the front, and after the minister had got well into his sermon, the smaller child whispered to his sister that he would like to go home. Those who sat behind them heard the little girl, tell him that he must not go without asking the minister's permission; so hand in hand they left their seats, and, standing before the clergyman, the little chap lisped out his petition. The minister was naturally surprised, but without interrupting his discourse, nodded assent. That did not satisfy the children, and again the boy asked permission to go, and was answered by another nod. Then the little girl, fearing the minister had not understood her brother, said: "Please, sir, may brother and I go home?" The minister stopped, and verbally granted the request, and with a sweet "Thank you, sir," and a courtesy, the children went down the aisle together.

"I BEG your pardon," and with a smile and a touch of his hat, the lad handed the old man, against whom he accidentally stumbled, the cane which he had knocked from his hand. "I hope I did not hurt you. We were playing too roughly."

"Not a bit!" said the old man, cheerily. "Boys will be boys, and it's best they should be. You didn't harm me."

"I'm glad to hear it," and lifting his hat again, the boy turned to join the playmates with whom he had been frolicking at the time of the accident.

"What do you raise your hat to that old fellow for?" asked his companion. "He's only Giles the huckster."

"That makes no difference," was answered. "The question is not whether he is a gentleman, but whether I am one."

Literary and Personal.

MR. VICTOR HUGO's pet granddaughter Jeanne, the little girl eight years old immortalized in his "Annee Terrible" and "L'Art d'être Grandpère," narrowly escaped burning to death recently. Getting on some steps to wind up a clock on the mantelpiece, her pinafore caught fire. She remembered a story told her years ago of a lady on fire, who, instead of running, rolled on a carpet. She did likewise, and saved her life. She received painful burns, but is in no danger.

JOAQUIN MILLER writes a hand which it is almost impossible to read. Swineburn does likewise, using a quill pen. Walt Whitman also wields a quill, but his writing is large, bold, careless and distinct. Ruskin's chirography is as fine as if written with a pin point. Lowell writes a lady-like, running hand, very plain, with the exception of his signature. Froude's penmanship is distinct and fine; Kate Field's, square and bold; George MacDonald's, large and manly, and William Winter's is like forked lightning. Robert Buchanan writes an "easily read, affectedly literary hand, as though he were trying to be unintelligible, but did not like to be altogether so." He also decorates his letters with boyish curly queues. Mrs. Oliphant writes worse than anybody else, apparently using the point of a hair.

MR. GLADSTONE is a pianist of no mean merit, and has a sweet and powerful voice, which he loves to exercise. When he was Prime Minister it was his habit, and is still, on quitting a stormy arena of debate, to soothe his vexed spirit on one of Erard's grandas. No matter at what hour of the morning he arrived home, he was never too tired to sit down to the piano, and with some simple strain shake off the soil of party strife as he warbled to it. He prefers sacred and ballad music, Scotch airs and Moore's melodies being his special affections.

PRINCESS CAROLINE MURAT, whose death in Paris has already been announced, was a Scotch lady, and her maiden name was Fraser. She was married in this country to Prince Lucien Murat, the second son of Napoleon's great general. For some time after their marriage Prince Lucien was reduced to such straits as to be entirely dependent upon the profits of a school for little girls kept by his wife. His fortune, however, improved after the French Revolution of 1848. He died last April in his seventy-fifth year. Princess Caroline leaves behind her five sons and daughters—Prince Joachim, the present head of the house of Murat; Princess Caroline, wife of the Baron de Chassiron; Princess Anna, wife of Comte de Noailles, and Princes Achille and Louis.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

THE earliest spring dress-fabrics shown are the pretty wash-goods—cambrics, lawns and percales. As these simple materials depend largely for their effect upon the style of their making-up, and as this may be rendered elaborate by tucks, ruffles, Hamburg edgings and Breton lace, it is not too soon to commence a summer wardrobe at the present season. Among the novelties in stuffs of this class is satinette, being veritably white satin in cambric; it is overrun with delicate vines, and stripes, and clusters of flowers in all the tints of the rainbow. Scotch zephyrs are light cambrics in small, neat plaids and stripes of all shades—pink, blue, gray and beige colors. Madras cloths still retain their popularity. French cambrics have dark blue or green grounds, and are figured with Persian patterns of light blue, pink and white, or are plaided in old gold.

Spring woollens are generally solid, but there are many stripes and mottled designs. Beautiful camel-hair goods, in several dark and bright shades, look like real India Chuddahs. Striped fabrics are watered, in blue and brown hues, resembling satin-banded moire. Armure and mummy cloths are soft and roughly-woven, somewhat like crape, and they exhibit every caprice of color—as, for instance, a dark foundation, sprinkled in stripes with small, deep moss-brown flowers, outlined by a tinge several shades darker, relieved by narrower stripes of moss-green; or a lavish profusion of tiny rosebuds upon a light ground; or simple tints of cream and écarle hues so pale as to seem almost like soiled white.

Spring cashmeres are in odd, new colors, copied from rare china, as well as the quaint blues of turquoise and birds' eggs. A fabric resembling bunting is woven in the gossamer style, and differs from that worn last year in being less wiry. This is a very suitable material for traveling-dresses.

Spring and summer silks have dark grounds, and show the prevailing fondness for intricate combinations of irregular stripes, checks, bars, dashes and fantastic dispositions of color. In them appears largely the predominance of red, as in the winter styles, though there are many striking effects with deep blue, black, white and old gold. Louisine silks are soft, lightly-woven and flexible, and are in old-fashioned lawn patterns, and the gayest conceivable combinations of shades. These are especially intended to be worn at watering-places. There are, besides, Louisines in invisible plaids of black, white and gray suitable for quiet street costumes.

Bonnets will probably be of the flaring order, very much like those worn last season. Fine white chip will be the most fashionable foundation for dress hats, while the picturesque rough straws will obtain favor for ordinary occasions. In addition to the usual materials for trimming, puffs and scarfs, and shirrings of India muslin, mingled with Breton lace, and of China crape, will be worn. Face-trimmings will be largely superseded by simple linings of satin or velvet, and soft crowns entirely of satin will be seen in many chip and straw bonnets. Flowers will be used in great profusion. Winter taste will still be extended in the plain facings of garnet and deep blue

velvet under wide-brimmed hats, and in the abundance of dragon, beetle and lizard ornaments.

Vests to be worn with black suits are made of white linen, decorated with embroidery or edged with lace. Cuffs similarly adorned come to match them. New turned-over collars have a chemisette in front to fill in the low neck now coming into vogue, and are fastened with a stud. Many of them,

with the cuffs, are edged with bands of bright-flowered chintz. Neckties are of India muslin, colored as well as white, with edgings of Breton lace. Dressy collarettes and cuffs are made of puffs and frills of the lace, mingled with fine Swiss embroidery, and they are intended to be worn with two clusters of flowers or loops of ribbon, one at the neck and the other hanging from the belt.

New Publications.

FROM THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY,
NEW YORK.

Beware of Strong Drink, a temperance concert exercise, by Mrs. E. H. Thompson. This consists of hymns, recitations and Scripture texts, so arranged as to give to all those hearing or taking part, a vivid impression of the enormity of the evil of intemperance, and the only effective means of its cure—abstinence, resistance and Christian charity.

The Duty of the Church, by Rev. Canon Farrar, D.D., F. R. S. Again this eloquent apostle of temperance has fearlessly and conclusively shown the professed followers of Christ that it is incumbent upon them to do their utmost to wipe out this terrible stain upon the honor of a nation. No one can read this earnest appeal without being impressed with a sense of his personal responsibility in a matter so momentous.

FROM SHELDON & CO., NEW YORK.

Washington Irving, by David J. Hill, Professor in the University of Lewisburg. The volume before us is the first of a series of popular biographies of eminent American authors, the design for which is absolute earnestness and sufficient fullness, but in a form so condensed as to be conveniently read, as well as of a moderate cost. We should say that the introductory book is very well written, giving a strong sense of Irving's personality and literary labors, and that if those succeeding fulfill the promise made in this, the whole enterprise will be a complete success.

FROM T. B. PETERSON & BROS., PHILADELPHIA.

Philomene's Marriages, by Henry Greville, translated by Miss Helen Stanley. Our usual idea of a French novel is far from elevated, but occasionally we meet with one deserving little adverse criticism. Over this last production of a writer whom we can well believe a woman of bright intellect, we can be pleased and often smile; and though we seldom feel serious, notwithstanding the many bits of wisdom with which nearly every other page teems, we can seldom wish a word written otherwise. The story, though with little depth of plot, is gracefully told, the descriptions very pretty, the situations always realistic and often amusing, and the characters life-like—we fairly see the ridiculous Philomene, the ugly Lavenel, the innocent Virginie, the chivalrous Masson, and the kind, generous, mirthful Charles and Marie. For a light, sparkling, pure, and withal, unpretentious novel, we are ready to accord to Philomene's Marriages its due meed of praise.

FROM GARRIGUES BROS., PHILA.

The Strike at Tivoli Mills, by T. S. Arthur. This story, which appeared in the HOME MAGAZINE last year, and which deals with the "strikes" from a temperance stand-point, has been issued in a neat paper-covered volume, by Messrs Garrigues Bros., of this city, who are making arrangements to give it a wide circulation. The price for a single copy, sent by mail, is twenty-five cents. For one dollar they will send five copies. See their advertisement.

Notes and Comments.

"I Wonder if it's True."

BEAUTIFUL eyes of childhood! Beautiful not only in their clear depths, but in their marvelous sight-seeing power. The power that sees gauzy veils fluttering within the petals of the half-opened rose, and catches the gleam of white-robed spirits as they move in airy circles beneath the shades of the plummy fern. That over the rail of the moss-grown, rustic bridge, gazes into the crystal deeps of the water below to discover the flowers, and trees, and skies of a vanished world. That, enchanted by the white fleecy shapes floating above in the blue, sees the sheen of angels' wings, and anon, as the sun sinks in his purple and golden glory, discerns with raptures, chariots of fire making their entrance through the gateway of the Celestial City. It is for the precious ones possessing this wondrous vision that Mrs. Browning has written,

"The lilies look large as the trees,
And as loud as the birds sing the bloom-loving
bees,
And the birds sing like angels so mystical-fine,
And the cedars are brushing the archangel's feet."

Yes, little lady, it is true. Not true that animals speak your language; not true that the prince was turned into a frog, and the princess into a weed, only to be restored to their own forms at last and live happy ever after. But true in the sense that whatever inspires within us a sense of beauty, and loveliness, and goodness is opposed to everything ugly, and harsh, and evil, and so accomplishes a true mission.

Believe, then, dear little one—and you will grow better for believing. Many of your elders have learned too soon to doubt, and they would be far happier to-day if they possessed just such a beautiful, simple trust as yours.

Seen Through English Eyes.

ENGLISH travelers have been, as a class, more inclined to see faults in American character, manners and social customs, than things worthy of commendation. An exception to this rule is Lord Ronald Gower, who spent some time in this country. He found us, he says: "Not only amiable, but, as a rule, kind and courteous, and, with rare exceptions, well-informed, well-bred, and having more refinement of manner than any other people I have ever come among."

He refers to the civility of our shopkeepers and the absence of the cringing spirit that characterizes the London tradesman when he thinks he is dealing with a person of rank. He did not meet in the whole course of his travels in this country with any think but perfect civility—"the civility of equals, which is, after all, the truest. I admire with all my heart this great people, our brothers, who, although we have for so many years presumed to treat them as poor relations, are in some forms of courtesy and general politeness far superior to ourselves." He adds: "I would wish every young Englishman of means—and especially of position—to visit the great country across the Atlantic. He would learn more, by spending a few months in the States, of matters appertaining to humanity and the ways of the world than he would by passing a year at Oxford or Cambridge, or in the House of Commons; and might, on his return, echo the phrase of the young French noble, who, having visited England toward the end of the old French regime, and being asked what he had learned in England, replied, 'To think.'"

Literary Aspirants.

EDITORS and publishers need a large stock of patience and kind consideration for the countless number of literary aspirants who ask for recognition, and the opportunity to acquire, through their agency, an immediate access to the public, and to certain fame and fortune. It is often difficult to know in what manner to treat these persons; they are so earnest, sincere and confident. Doubtless it would be best in the end for the most of them if strong, true words were spoken, even though they were hurt, humiliated and disheartened. If really without the talent to achieve literary success, they might be saved years of fruitless effort; while if really possessed of genius and ability, the set-back of close and honest criticism would give them clearer sight, and show them that excellence was not a gift but an achievement. To all young aspirants for literary honors, we commend the following, which we take from an exchange:

"A young woman who was lately brought before the police courts in New York, as a professional beggar, was discovered to be an educated, well-born South Carolinian.

"She had, as she supposed, 'a genius for poetry,' and left her home with only money enough to reach Baltimore, hoping to pay her way to New York and to support herself thereafter by the sale of her poems.

"She left Baltimore with a satchel full of manuscript, and two cents in her pocket. As a matter of course, she was speedily reduced to starvation and beggary.

"It would answer a good purpose if this woman's story could be held up as a warning before the countless young men and women who hope to earn literary fame, and thus secure fortune. Much-maligned

'genius' is to do all by one mighty bound, without the necessary study, without experience, and always without work. Every editor of a magazine or literary paper can testify how wide-spread is this delusion.

"A Kentucky woman sent a novel of enormous size to a publisher lately, stating that she 'expected a price for it which would buy back the estates which her family had lost during the war.' The book, as might have been expected, had not a single spark of wit or wisdom to enlighten its dullness.

"A young girl of seventeen lately wrote to the editor of one of the great New York dailies, saying that she 'would graduate in a month, and would like to secure a position as managing editor of a political paper.'

"There is not, probably, a publishing office in the country, which does not receive scores of manuscripts in the year, from authors as ignorant as these of the real work required in the field which they seek to enter.

"The best course of study for all of them to pursue would be the biographies of successful men of letters. They would then find that an apprenticeship is needed in authorship as in any other profession; that every great poet, historian, essayist, or even novelist, has been a conscientious, painstaking artist, with whose success persistence and hard work had as much to do as genius."

Friends in Syria.

A QUAKER meeting on Mount Lebanon! A veritable meeting-house among the towering cedars, famous alike in song and story! But it is even so. For several years there have been mission-schools and regular organizations of Friends among the natives of the Holy Land, though, like all the good works of this quiet denomination, the fact has been little known to the world at large.

We have been favored by Mr. Edward Scull, Superintendent of the First-day School of Twelfth Street Meeting, with a letter from Friend Eli Jones, founder of these institutions, from which we glean the following items of interest.

The Friends have ten day schools, seven for boys where a few girls attend, and three for girls. About three hundred and fifty children are instructed, both in the ordinary school studies and trades by which they will be able to support themselves, the expenses of each scholar being only five dollars a year. The writer goes on to speak of one of their teachers, whom he first saw about eleven years ago in Bethlehem at a mission-school. After her lessons for the day were recited, she would go out and read the Bible to the poor people in the streets. Thus, as child, the narrator continues, she was preaching Christ to the inhabitants of the very place in which He was born.

Friends in Syria have their discipline, just as in other lands. The teacher of the school on Mount Lebanon is a member of Brumanna monthly meeting. They have, also, a medical department connected with their mission. It is under the direction of Dr. Beshara, a native Christian, a graduate of the Protestant College at Beirut. Within the last year, more than two thousand have applied for treatment, priests and monks of the different religious orders among the number, as well as the sadly poor and afflicted. As many as forty come in a day and while waiting for their turns, Maulim Isaac, the Bible Reader, takes the opportunity to read to them.

As a well-known Friend justly remarked, the reason why many think there is so much more evil

in the world than good, is, that the bad makes more noise. We would fain believe it true. There are agencies of blessing everywhere, though operating in ways unlikely to reach the public notice, and under forms and influences different from those most generally recognized. Perhaps just this little circumstance may serve to impress this thought more fully upon some of us. And as we of Philadelphia, our beloved Quaker city, have good reason to be glad that the broad-brims and plain bonnets, covering peaceful, kindly faces, ever found their way into the unknown wilds of Pennsylvania, among savage Indians, so let us be glad that they have also gone into the neglected deserts of Syria, among the almost heathen inhabitants of that interesting country. For their entrance may be unto it and all its people, the heralding of a glad, new day.

YOUNG ladies are to be allowed hereafter all the privileges of Harvard College accorded to the other sex, excepting that instead of entering regularly the college classes, they will be regarded as private pupils of the professors. On graduation they will receive certificates instead of regular diplomas. Should the number of lady students become numerous, classes will be organized and separate lecture rooms secured. The male and female departments will thus be kept separate, but they will be under the same faculty and have the same curriculum, while the library, laboratory, museum and all the educational appliances of the University will be enjoyed in common.

Publishers' Department.

NOTICE TO CLUB-GETTERS.

Additions to clubs can be made, at the club rate, any time through the year.

One or more names can be sent in as fast as obtained, and when the club is as large as the club-getter wishes to make it, the premium to which it is entitled can be ordered.

All the subscribers in a club need not be at the same post-office.

We do not select the Butterick Patterns we offer as premiums for clubs. Club-getters have the privilege of doing so at any time during the year 1879.

HOPE AT LAST.

From official record, we learn that over sixty thousand persons die annually in the United States from pulmonary consumption. In each of these cases there was a first or incipient stage of the disease, when all the life-forces and organic structures were yet unimpaired by its encroachments. If at this time, an agent had been found which could give to the system a higher degree of vitality, and so enable it to resist the deadly assault, this perilous crisis would have been safely passed. And not this one only. In every subsequent assault of the enemy, especially where there existed some hereditary taint, a prompt resort to the same re-vitalizing agent would have given a like relief and immunity.

Did we possess such an agent, and were it to be used in every case of incipient pulmonary trouble, how many thousands and tens of thousands of lives might annually be saved!

Now it is confidently claimed, and the claim is substantiated by the results of over twelve years experience of its use, that just such an agent has been

discovered in COMPOUND OXYGEN. The case given on the cover of this number of our magazine is one of hundreds, and is far less remarkable than many which have been successfully treated by this new agent. But it is valuable, as showing how quickly Compound Oxygen restores the vital forces to their normal activity.

The administrators of this new remedy appear to have given much attention to the treatment of pulmonary affections. We find in their little book, "*The Compound Oxygen Treatment, Its Mode of Action and Results*" (which is sent free), some twenty pages devoted to the nature, incipient stages, progress and cure of consumption, a careful reading of which would give information, hints and suggestions of great value to those who are suffering from any of the early or advanced stages of this disease.

We know of no better service that we can render this large class of persons, than to induce them to send for the above-mentioned Treatise, and to read it carefully. In it we find three warning indications of the approach of consumption. They are: *First*. "Emaciation of the person, and without apparent cause. * * * Unaccountably, it seems, the individual begins to show a peculiar depression between the cheek-bone and the ear; the eye-socket deepens, the muscle leading up to the side of the neck obliquely toward the ear becomes prominent from absorption of the adipose tissue around it, and from trial there will be found a marked loss of weight." *Second*. "If this emaciation be accompanied by the *second note*, a little COUGH, which is scarcely a cough at all—a slight, insignificant hacking, which no one is inclined to notice, which is more like a 'habit,' and which he 'can easily prevent if he chooses'—the suspicion of the presence of tubercles comes by far too near a confirmation to be comfortable." *Third*. "Now be on your guard to detect the presence or the absence of the *third note* of warning. Examine carefully and critically the depressions immediately beneath the two clavicles or collar-bones. In this stage of the disease, one of the depressions will almost invariably be deeper and larger than the other." We have not space to copy a statement of the reasons for this difference in the depressions under the clavicles, when tubercles exist, but they are fully given in the Treatise to which we have referred, and which, as we have said, is sent free. Address Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia.

PROFESSOR HORSFORD'S BREAD PREPARATIONS are unsurpassed for making light bread, biscuits, cakes and pastry. The cost is about one-half that of the ordinary baking powder. If you cannot obtain it at your grocers, send a three-cent stamp to the "Rumford Chemical Works," Providence, Rhode Island, for a sample packet and cook-book, and give it a trial. "Pipsey" indorses this Bread Preparation as the best in market, and she generally knows of what she writes.

Of the many Guides, and Seed and Plant Catalogues sent out by our Seedsmen and Nurserymen, and which are doing so much to inform the people and beautify and enrich our country, none are more beautiful, none more instructive than *Vick's Floral Guide*. Its paper is the choicest, its illustrations handsome, and given by the hundred, while its Colored Plate is a gem. This work, although costing but five cents, is handsome enough for a Gift-book, or a place on the parlor table. Published by JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE," by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

Ladies' and Children's Garments.

FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' CAMBRIC COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 1.—A cambric costume is always in favor with ladies who live in the country or spend their Summers there, and of late the blouse style is a favored construction. This costume is a mixed cambric of a medium shade, and the trimming consists of folds of the material and pipings of white cambric.

The skirt is four-gored and trimmed with a deep Spanish flounce, a pattern for which comes with the model. It is here finished with a bias fold of cambric sewed to the edge, turned up on the outside like a facing, and attached at its upper edge by a piping of white cambric and another of dark. The top is gathered and the flounce is set on through the gathering so that a tiny upright frill is formed. The back-breadth is shirred to draw the fullness backward, and the skirt reaches within an inch of the ground all around. The model is No. 6507, price 30 cents.

The over-skirt is plain and round, and is draped quite high, so that while the back falls just below the top of the flounce, the lower edge of the *tablier* just reaches it. The bottom is cut in squares, which are bound with white cambric; and a fancy ribbon bow

is over the draping at each side. Every may be added to the edges, if

Lace or embroidery preferred to the blocks. The model is No. 6521, price 25 cents.

The blouse is in yoke style, with a slightly gathered front and back, and is belted in to the waist by a ribbon tied in a double bow at the side. The blouse skirt is cut in squares and bound like the over-skirt, while two rows of piping are stitched flatly about the yoke and sleeve, forming a simple yet stylish finish. It is No. 6510, price 25 cents. White blouses of this description will be much worn with dark skirts and over-skirts, and will be fully decorated with embroidery or lace. Any of the new Spring suitings may be equally as stylishly made up by these models.

To make the costume for a lady of medium size, will require 14½ yards of goods 22 inches wide; the skirt calling for 7 yards, the over-skirt for 3½ yards, and the blouse for 3½ yards. Of goods 36 inches wide, 9½ yards will be required; the skirt calling for 4½ yards, the over-skirt 2½ yards, and the blouse 2½ yards.

The hat is of straw, and is very daintily trimmed with velvet bands and a bouquet of roses.



FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' CAMBRIC COSTUME.



6525

Front View.

6509

Front View.

6509

Back View.

GIRLS' BLOUSE, WITH YOKE.

No. 6509.—This dainty pattern is stylish for Summer dresses, and is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years of age. It calls for $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36 inches wide, or 1 yard 48 inches wide, in making the blouse for a girl of 6 years. Price of pattern, 15 cents.



6525

Back View.

LADIES' BASQUE.

No. 6525.—One of the most popular of Spring styles is here illustrated. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. It requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of goods 48 inches wide, with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of brocade 22 inches wide, to make the basque for a lady of medium size. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



6531

Front View.

6528

Front View.

6528

Back View.

GIRLS' SAILOR COSTUME.

No. 6528.—This little costume is made of flannel and is a pretty departure from former sailor styles. The model is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years old, and calls for $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards of any goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 48 inches wide, in making the costume for a girl of 9 years. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



6531

Back View.

LADIES' POLONAISE.

(DESIRABLE FOR WASHABLE GOODS.)

No. 6531.—The polonaise illustrated is made of suit goods and trimmed with silk. It may be easily re-draped when made of wash fabrics, for which it is especially desirable. The pretty French cambrics styled cotelines, momie cloths, satinets and armures are handsome made up by this model and decorated with lace, embroidery or flat bands. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents. To make the garment of a single material for a lady of medium size, will require $7\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide.



6526

Front View.



6537

Front View.



6537

Back View.

GIRLS' LOOSE-FITTING BASQUE.

(APPROPRIATE FOR CAMBRIC.)

No. 6537.—This model is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years old, and calls for $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36 inches wide, in making the basque as represented for a girl of 9 years. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

MISSSES' BELTED POLONAISE.

No. 6526.—This model is especially pretty for washable fabrics. It is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 25 cents. To make the garment for a miss of 13 years, will require $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 22 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 inches wide.



6526

Back View.



6543

Front View.



6508

GIRLS' SKIRT.

No. 6508.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years of age, and may be used for any style of dress fabric. In making the skirt for a girl of 6 years, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of goods 22 inches wide, or 1 yard 36 inches wide, or $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 48 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern in any size, 20 cents.



6543

Back View.

LADIES' PRINCESS WALKING-SKIRT.

No. 6543.—This skirt is of convenient walking length, and by its construction is nicely adapted to combinations of contrasting materials. Plain, brocaded or striped silk, satin or woolen goods may be handsomely united in the model with plain material of the same or a contrasting texture, and the disposition of the trimming may be as novel as the taste dictates. The pattern may be also used in making up cambrics, lawns, organdies, etc., and is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. It requires 6 yards of plain goods and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of striped 22 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of plain material and one yard of striped 48 inches wide, to make the skirt for a lady of medium size. Price of pattern, 35 cents.

**6535***Front View.***6535***Back View.***LADIES' JACKET, WITH VEST.**

No. 6535.—The pattern to this handsome jacket is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment as depicted in the engravings for a lady of medium size, $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 48 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

**6530***Front View.***6530***Back View.***LADIES' BASQUE, WITH LAPELS AND COLLAR.**

No. 6530.—The basque so prettily illustrated is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

**6549***Front View.***6549***Back View.***LADIES' WRAP.**

No. 6549.—This very stylish wrap may be made of one or two materials as preferred, and trimmed with fringe, ruching, plaiungs, etc. The tab-fronts have pockets underneath that are reached through openings cut in the tabs. The model is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 25 cents. To make it as represented for a lady of medium size, will require 2 yards of silk and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of velvet, each 22 inches wide. Of one material 48 inches wide, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard will be required to make it.

**6507****LADIES' SHORT WALKING-SKIRT, WITH SPANISH FLOUNCE.**

No. 6507.—This model is four-gored, and includes patterns for the flounce and its scollops. It is suitable for any material, and is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the skirt for a lady of medium size, will require 7 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



6522

Front View.

6522

Back View.

LADIES' BASQUE.

No. 6522.—A very stylish combination of materials is illustrated in this basque. The pattern calls for $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of plain and 2 yards of striped goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of plain and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of striped 48 inches wide, in making the basque for a lady of medium size. The model is adapted to all suiting in vogue and is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents.



6541

Front View.

6541

Back View.

LADIES' BASQUE.

No. 6541.—This model develops the combination of two varieties of washable goods very stylishly, and is also adapted to suit goods of any quality. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size it calls for 4 yards of plain and 1 yard of figured goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of plain and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of figured material 36 inches wide. Price, 25 cents.



6523

Back View.

6523

Front View.

LADIES' OVER-SKIRT.

No. 6523.—Two materials are used in the composition of this garment. The shape before the draping is accomplished is that of a plain skirt. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and costs 25 cents. To make the garment as pictured in the present engravings for a lady of medium size, will require $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide.



6547

Back View.

6547

Front View.

LADIES' OVER-SKIRT.

No. 6547.—This over-skirt unites very modishly with any style of basque. It is here displayed in a plain and a polka dotted French cambric, but any of the new Spring suitings, including the dainty *momie* cloths, satinets, cotelines and *armures*, may be handsomely made up by the model, with lace, embroidery, fringe, etc., for the garniture. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and calls for $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 48 inches wide, in making the over-skirt for a lady of medium size. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



6510

Front View.

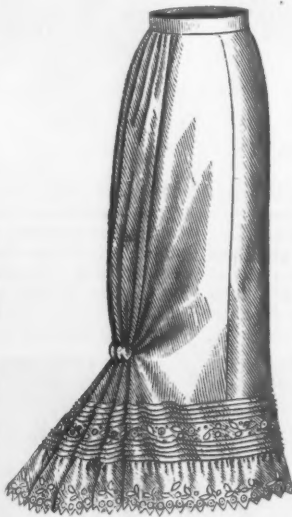
LADIES' BLOUSE, WITH YOKE.

No. 6510.—The *negligé* air pervading this pretty garment adapts it charmingly to the prevailing mode, and also to cashmere, flannel, lawn, or gandy, *armure*, *momie* cloth and wash fabrics of all kinds. Lace or embroidery may be used for trimming. The model is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment as pictured in the engravings for a lady of medium size, requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



6510

Back View.



6519

LADIES' PRINCESS PETTICOAT.

No. 6519.—The engraving illustrates a petticoat made of muslin and trimmed with tucks, and Hamburg insertion and edging. Linen, cambric, lawn or any other desirable fabric may be selected for the model, with lace, Irish tatting, ruffling, crocheted edging or any of the pretty everlasting trimmings for the decoration. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and costs 30 cents. To make the petticoat as shown in the picture for a lady of medium size, will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 36 inches wide.



6524

Front View.

DRESS WITH CAPE, FOR AN ELDERLY LADY.

No. 6524.—There is no necessity for special reference to the suitability of this mode for elderly ladies, as the model proclaims its own advantages. It is adapted to any material in vogue for the purpose and permits of any style of trimming worn by ladies of an advanced age. The cape may be omitted, and so also may the trimming bands, if a plain garment be preferred. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. It will require $8\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide, to make the dress for a lady of medium size. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



6524

Back View.

LADIES' BASQUE.

No. 6532.—Suit goods of a deep cadet-gray shade is illustrated in this basque, but any other material may be made up as stylishly. Braid as a binding and in simulated button-holes, together with buttons, is used as decoration; but pipings, or rows of machine-stitching will be as suitable. It preferred, the *revers*, and the sleeves in cuff outline, may be faced with silk, satin or any plain, striped or brocaded material, and a vest may be simulated with the same upon the front. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make this stylish basque for a lady of medium size, will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



6532

Front View.



6532

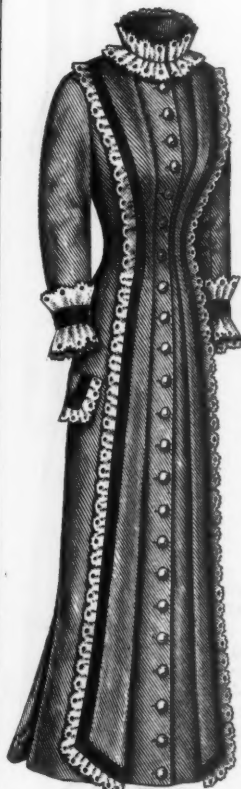
Back View.



6527

MISSES' SKIRT, WITH SPANISH FLOUNCE.

No. 6527.—The skirt model illustrated may be used for any material preferred, and has a pattern for the flounce given with it. The flounce may be decorated with one, two or more bands or rows of flat braids, and another band may be used for a heading. The model is in 6 sizes for misses from 10 to 15 years of age, and its price is 25 cents. To make the skirt with the flounce added for a miss of 12 years, requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 48 inches wide.



6529

Front View.



6529

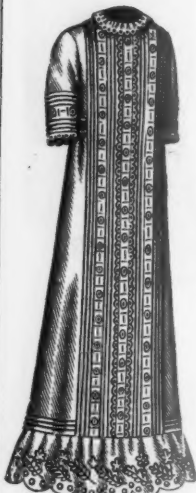
Back View.

LADIES' WRAPPER, WITH FRENCH BACK.

No. 6529.—A charming wrapper, made of suit goods and trimmed with lace and silk folds, is represented by the above engravings. Cambric, calico, lawn, the dainty *momie* cloths, cotelines and satinets, and cashmere, camel's-hair and all the stylish Spring and Summer suitings will be found appropriate for the garment, with lace, embroidery, platings, flat braids, ruffles, pipings, folds or galloons for the garniture. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 40 cents. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require 8 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 4 yards 48 inches wide.

INFANTS' DRESS.

No. 6518.—This very dainty little garment is made of nainsook and trimmed with needleworked edging and insertion, together with tuckings made in the material. Other appropriate materials may be as prettily made up and decorated with lace or edging. The pattern is in one size, and calls for 2 yards of material 36 inches wide in making an infant's dress like it. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



6518

Front View.



6518

Back View.



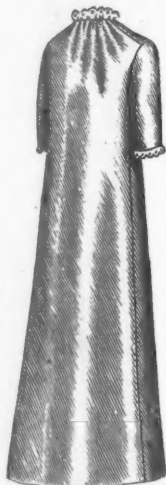
FIGURE NO. 2.—GIRLS' COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 2.—This costume is of cambric and consists of a blouse and skirt. The blouse was cut by pattern No. 6509, which costs 15 cents, and is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years of age. The skirt pattern is No. 6508, which is in the same sizes as the blouse, but costs 20 cents. To make the costume for a girl of 6 years, will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide; the blouse calling for $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards, and the skirt for $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard. Of 36-inch-wide goods, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards will be required; the skirt then calling for 1 yard and the blouse for $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard.



6538

Front View.



6538

Back View.

INFANTS' NIGHT-DRESS.

No. 6538.—Bleached or unbleached muslin, Canton, woolen or cotton flannel, lawn, nainsook or any appropriate material may be made up by this model, and the garment may be trimmed with lace or hand embroidery if either be preferred to Hamburg. The garment is high in the neck and has comfortably shaped coat sleeves extending to the hand. Tucks may be made in the skirt, if desired. There is but one size of the pattern, and to make a night-dress by it will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

NOTICE:—We are Agents for the Sale of E. BUTTERICK & CO.'S PATTERNS and will send any kind or size of them to any address, postpaid, on receipt of price and order.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON, 227 South Sixth St., Philadelphia, Pa.



THE GARDEN WALL.—Page 269.

amount of wine he has produced. This company is the largest user of cream of tartar in the world, and we have our agents in various parts of Europe collecting the crude material. It is imported into this country as Argols, and then subjected to the higher processes of refining, by which it is purified especially for our purposes, forming pure white crystals, which we grind to powder, and in this form we use it as an ingredient of our baking-powder."

Other interviews were had, all to the same general effect, namely, that alum is used by many manufacturers to cheapen their powder, and enable them to undersell their competitors. Many of them are probably ignorant of the evil effects of alum on the system, while others are indifferent so long as they make money, and no one can be said to have dropped dead from taking their powder.

Dr. Mott, the Government Chemist, in his view of this subject in the *Scientific American*, makes special mention of having analyzed the Royal Baking-Powder, and found it composed of wholesome materials, having for its active principle pure grape cream of tartar instead of alum. He also advises the public to avoid purchasing baking-powders as sold loose or in bulk, as he found by analysis of many samples

that the worst adulterations are practiced in this form—the label and trade-mark of a well-known and responsible manufacturer, he adds, is the best protection the public can have.

By this exposure of the injurious effect of alum in baking-powders, the public must not be frightened from using baking-powders when properly made—of which there are a number in the market. In fact baking-powders are a great convenience, as the constituents are so combined that their use is always attended with success; and there is no danger of biscuits made with them having an alkaline taste, or being impregnated with yellow specks or streaks, as is often the case when ordinary cream of tartar and soda are used. This results from the fact that the ordinary cream of tartar found in the market is adulterated from 10 to 90 per cent. with foreign substances; consequently it becomes necessary to change the proportion to be used with every new lot, which can only be correctly arrived at by a chemical analysis of the cream of tartar. As a matter of healthfulness as well as convenience, it is much better to use a properly made baking-powder, than to trust to the uncertainty of procuring pure cream of tartar and soda.

Incidents and Anecdotes.

THE first superintendent of our coast survey was Ferdinand R. Hasslar, a native of Switzerland, and a man well fitted for the work. The following amusing anecdote is from an article in a late number of *Harper's Magazine*:

Hasslar was hampered and embarrassed continually by limited appropriations. His operations were not of that character easily seen; Congress wondered continually what he was about. While he was systematizing methods and training assistants, Congress was shrugging its shoulders and clamoring because results were inadequate to the expenditure. Hasslar was an eccentric man of irascible disposition and great independence of character. On one occasion a committee from Congress waited upon him in his office to inspect his work.

"You come to 'spect my vork, eh? Vat you know 'bout my vork? Vat you going to 'spect?"

The gentlemen, conscious of their ignorance, tried to smooth his ruffled temper by an explanation, which only made matters worse.

"You knows notting at all 'bout my vork. How can you 'spect my vork, ven you knows notting? Get out of here; you in my way. Congress be von big vool to send you to 'spect my vork. I 'ave no time to vaste vith such as knows notting vat I am 'bout. Go back to Congress and tell dem vat I say."

The committee did "go back to Congress" and report, amid uproarious laughter, the result of their inspecting interview.

The following pleasant anecdote of Burns is told, or revived by an exchange. When Burns was first invited to dine at Dunlop House, a west country dame, who acted as housekeeper, appeared to doubt the propriety of her mistress entertaining a mere plowman who made rhymes, as if he were a gentleman of old descent. By way of convincing her of the bard's right to such a distinction, Mrs. Dunlop gave her the "Cotter's Saturday Night" to read. This she soon did, and, returning the volume with a strong shake of the head, said: "Nae doubt ladies and gentlemen

think muckle of this, but for me it's naething but what I saw i' my father's house every day, and I dinna see how he could hae tould it in any other way."

A PRETTY story is told in the local columns of *The Springfield Republican* of two children who went to church together. They took a seat near the front, and after the minister had got well into his sermon, the smaller child whispered to his sister that he would like to go home. Those who sat behind them heard the little girl, tell him that he must not go without asking the minister's permission; so hand in hand they left their seats, and, standing before the clergyman, the little chap lisped out his petition. The minister was naturally surprised, but without interrupting his discourse, nodded assent. That did not satisfy the children, and again the boy asked permission to go, and was answered by another nod. Then the little girl, fearing the minister had not understood her brother, said: "Please, sir, may brother and I go home?" The minister stopped, and verbally granted the request, and with a sweet "Thank you, sir," and a courtesy, the children went down the aisle together.

"I BEG your pardon," and with a smile and a touch of his hat, the lad handed the old man, against whom he accidentally stumbled, the cane which he had knocked from his hand. "I hope I did not hurt you. We were playing too roughly."

"Not a bit!" said the old man, cheerily. "Boys will be boys, and it's best they should be. You didn't harm me."

"I'm glad to hear it," and lifting his hat again, the boy turned to join the playmates with whom he had been frolicking at the time of the accident.

"What do you raise your hat to that old fellow for?" asked his companion. "He's only Giles the huckster."

"That makes no difference," was answered. "The question is not whether he is a gentleman, but whether I am one."

Literary and Personal.

M. VICTOR HUGO's pet granddaughter Jeanne, the little girl eight years old immortalized in his "Annee Terrible" and "L'Art d'être Grandpère," narrowly escaped burning to death recently. Getting on some steps to wind up a clock on the mantelpiece, her pinafore caught fire. She remembered a story told her years ago of a lady on fire, who, instead of running, rolled on a carpet. She did likewise, and saved her life. She received painful burns, but is in no danger.

JOAQUIN MILLER writes a hand which it is almost impossible to read. Swineburn does likewise, using a quill pen. Walt Whitman also wields a quill, but his writing is large, bold, careless and distinct. Ruskin's chirography is as fine as if written with a pin point. Lowell writes a lady-like, running hand, very plain, with the exception of his signature. Froude's penmanship is distinct and fine; Kate Field's, square and bold; George MacDonald's, large and manly, and William Winter's is like forked lightning. Robert Buchanan writes an "easily read, affectedly literary hand, as though he were trying to be unintelligible, but did not like to be altogether so." He also decorates his letters with boyish curly queues. Mrs. Oliphant writes worse than anybody else, apparently using the point of a hair.

MR. GLADSTONE is a pianist of no mean merit, and has a sweet and powerful voice, which he loves to exercise. When he was Prime Minister it was his habit, and is still, on quitting a stormy arena of debate, to soothe his vexed spirit on one of Erard's grands. No matter at what hour of the morning he arrived home, he was never too tired to sit down to the piano, and with some simple strain shake off the soil of party strife as he warbled to it. He prefers sacred and ballad music, Scotch airs and Moore's melodies being his special affections.

PRINCESS CAROLINE MURAT, whose death in Paris has already been announced, was a Scotch lady, and her maiden name was Fraser. She was married in this country to Prince Lucien Murat, the second son of Napoleon's great general. For some time after their marriage Prince Lucien was reduced to such straits as to be entirely dependent upon the profits of a school for little girls kept by his wife. His fortune, however, improved after the French Revolution of 1848. He died last April in his seventy-fifth year. Princess Caroline leaves behind her five sons and daughters—Prince Joachim, the present head of the house of Murat; Princess Caroline, wife of the Baron de Chassiron; Princess Anna, wife of Comte de Noailles, and Princes Achille and Louis.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

THE earliest spring dress-fabrics shown are the pretty wash-goods—cambrics, lawns and percales. As these simple materials depend largely for their effect upon the style of their making-up, and as this may be rendered elaborate by tucks, ruffles, Hamburg edgings and Breton lace, it is not too soon to commence a summer wardrobe at the present season. Among the novelties in stuffs of this class is satinette, being veritably white satin in cambric; it is overrun with delicate vines, and stripes, and clusters of flowers in all the tints of the rainbow. Scotch zephyrs are light cambrics in small, neat plaids and stripes of all shades—pink, blue, gray and beige colors. Madras cloths still retain their popularity. French cambrics have dark blue or green grounds, and are figured with Persian patterns of light blue, pink and white, or are plaided in old gold.

Spring woollens are generally solid, but there are many stripes and mottled designs. Beautiful camel-hair goods, in several dark and bright shades, look like real India Chuddahs. Striped fabrics are watered, in blue and brown hues, resembling satin-banded moire. Armure and mummy cloths are soft and roughly-woven, somewhat like crape, and they exhibit every caprice of color—as, for instance, a dark foundation, sprinkled in stripes with small, deep moss-brown flowers, outlined by a tinge several shades darker, relieved by narrower stripes of moss-green; or a lavish profusion of tiny rosebuds upon a light ground; or simple tints of cream and *écru* hues so pale as to seem almost like soiled white.

Spring cashmeres are in odd, new colors, copied from rare china, as well as the quaint blues of turquoise and birds' eggs. A fabric resembling bunting is woven in the gossamer style, and differs from that worn last year in being less wiry. This is a very suitable material for traveling-dresses.

Spring and summer silks have dark grounds, and show the prevailing fondness for intricate combinations of irregular stripes, checks, bars, dashes and fantastic dispositions of color. In them appears largely the predominance of red, as in the winter styles, though there are many striking effects with deep blue, black, white and old gold. Louisine silks are soft, lightly-woven and flexible, and are in old-fashioned lawn patterns, and the gayest conceivable combinations of shades. These are especially intended to be worn at watering-places. There are, besides, Louisines in invisible plaids of black, white and gray suitable for quiet street costumes.

Bonnets will probably be of the flaring order, very much like those worn last season. Fine white chip will be the most fashionable foundation for dress hats, while the picturesque rough straws will obtain favor for ordinary occasions. In addition to the usual materials for trimming, puffs and scarfs, and shirrings of India muslin, mingled with Breton lace, and of China crape, will be worn. Face-trimmings will be largely superseded by simple linings of satin or velvet, and soft crowns entirely of satin will be seen in many chip and straw bonnets. Flowers will be used in great profusion. Winter taste will still be extended in the plain facings of garnet and deep blue

velvet under wide-brimmed hats, and in the abundance of dragon, beetle and lizard ornaments.

Vests to be worn with black suits are made of white linen, decorated with embroidery or edged with lace. Cuffs similarly adorned come to match them. New turned-over collars have a chemisette in front to fill in the low neck now coming into vogue, and are fastened with a stud. Many of them,

with the cuffs, are edged with bands of bright-flowered chintz. Neckties are of India muslin, colored as well as white, with edgings of Breton lace. Dressy collarettes and cuffs are made of puffs and frills of the lace, mingled with fine Swiss embroidery, and they are intended to be worn with two clusters of flowers or loops of ribbon, one at the neck and the other hanging from the belt.

New Publications.

FROM THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, NEW YORK.

Beware of Strong Drink, a temperance concert exercise, by Mrs. E. H. Thompson. This consists of hymns, recitations and Scripture texts, so arranged as to give to all those hearing or taking part, a vivid impression of the enormity of the evil of intemperance, and the only effective means of its cure—abstinence, resistance and Christian charity.

The Duty of the Church, by Rev. Canon Farrar, D.D., F. R. S. Again this eloquent apostle of temperance has fearlessly and conclusively shown the professed followers of Christ that it is incumbent upon them to do their utmost to wipe out this terrible stain upon the honor of a nation. No one can read this earnest appeal without being impressed with a sense of his personal responsibility in a matter so momentous.

FROM SHELDON & CO., NEW YORK.

Washington Irving, by David J. Hill, Professor in the University of Lewisburg. The volume before us is the first of a series of popular biographies of eminent American authors, the design for which is absolute earnestness and sufficient fullness, but in a form so condensed as to be conveniently read, as well as of a moderate cost. We should say that the initiatory book is very well written, giving a strong sense of Irving's personality and literary labors, and that if those succeeding fulfill the promise made in this, the whole enterprise will be a complete success.

FROM T. B. PETERSON & BROS., PHILADELPHIA.

Philomene's Marriages, by Henry Greville, translated by Miss Helen Stanley. Our usual idea of a French novel is far from elevated, but occasionally we meet with one deserving little adverse criticism. Over this last production of a writer whom we can well believe a woman of bright intellect, we can be pleased and often smile; and though we seldom feel serious, notwithstanding the many bits of wisdom with which nearly every other page teems, we can seldom wish a word written otherwise. The story, though with little depth of plot, is gracefully told, the descriptions very pretty, the situations always realistic and often amusing, and the characters life-like—we fairly see the ridiculous Philomene, the ugly Lavenel, the innocent Virginie, the chivalrous Masson, and the kind, generous, mirthful Charles and Marie. For a light, sparkling, pure, and withal, unpretentious novel, we are ready to accord to Philomene's Marriages its due meed of praise.

FROM GARRIGUES BROS., PHILA.

The Strike at Tivoli Mills, by T. S. Arthur. This story, which appeared in the HOME MAGAZINE last year, and which deals with the "strikes" from a temperance stand-point, has been issued in a neat paper-covered volume, by Messrs. Garrigues Bros. of this city, who are making arrangements to give it a wide circulation. The price for a single copy, sent by mail, is twenty-five cents. For one dollar they will send five copies. See their advertisement.

Notes and Comments.

"I Wonder if it's True."

BEAUTIFUL eyes of childhood! Beautiful not only in their clear depths, but in their marvelous sight-seeing power. The power that sees gauzy veils fluttering within the petals of the half-opened rose, and catches the gleam of white-robed spirits as they move in airy circles beneath the shades of the plummy fern. That over the rail of the moss-grown, rustic bridge, gazes into the crystal deeps of the water below to discover the flowers, and trees, and skies of a vanished world. That, enchanted by the white fleecy shapes floating above in the blue, sees the sheen of angels' wings, and, anon, as the sun sinks in his purple and golden glory, discerns with raptures, chariots of fire making their entrance through the gateway of the Celestial City. It is for the precious ones possessing this wondrous vision that Mrs. Browning has written,

"The lilies look large as the trees,
And as loud as the birds sing the bloom-loving
bees,
And the birds sing like angels so mystical-fine,
And the cedars are brushing the archangel's feet."

Yes, little lady, it is true. Not true that animals speak your language; not true that the prince was turned into a frog, and the princess into a weed, only to be restored to their own forms at last and live happy ever after. But true in the sense that whatever inspires within us a sense of beauty, and loveliness, and goodness is opposed to everything ugly, and harsh, and evil, and so accomplishes a true mission.

Believe, then, dear little one—and you will grow better for believing. Many of your elders have learned too soon to doubt, and they would be far happier to-day if they possessed just such a beautiful, simple trust as yours.



"I WONDER IF IT'S TRUE."—Page 221.



Seen Through English Eyes.

ENGLISH travelers have been, as a class, more inclined to see faults in American character, manners and social customs, than things worthy of commendation. An exception to this rule is Lord Ronald Gower, who spent some time in this country. He found us, he says: "Not only amiable, but, as a rule, kind and courteous, and, with rare exceptions, well-informed, well-bred, and having more refinement of manner than any other people I have ever come among."

He refers to the civility of our shopkeepers and the absence of the cringing spirit that characterizes the London tradesman when he thinks he is dealing with a person of rank. He did not meet in the whole course of his travels in this country with anythink but perfect civility—"the civility of equals, which is, after all, the truest. I admire with all my heart this great people, our brothers, who, although we have for so many years presumed to treat them as poor relations, are in some forms of courtesy and general politeness far superior to ourselves." He adds: "I would wish every young Englishman of means—and especially of position—to visit the great country across the Atlantic. He would learn more, by spending a few months in the States, of matters appertaining to humanity and the ways of the world than he would by passing a year at Oxford or Cambridge, or in the House of Commons; and might, on his return, echo the phrase of the young French noble, who, having visited England toward the end of the old French regime, and, being asked what he had learned in England, replied, 'To think.'"

Literary Aspirants.

EDITORS and publishers need a large stock of patience and kind consideration for the countless number of literary aspirants who ask for recognition, and the opportunity to acquire, through their agency, an immediate access to the public, and to certain fame and fortune. It is often difficult to know in what manner to treat these persons; they are so earnest, sincere and confident. Doubtless it would be best in the end for the most of them if strong, true words were spoken, even though they were hurt, humiliated and disheartened. If really without the talent to achieve literary success, they might be saved years of fruitless effort; while if really possessed of genius and ability, the set-back of close and honest criticism would give them clearer sight, and show them that excellence was not a gift but an achievement. To all young aspirants for literary honors, we commend the following, which we take from an exchange:

"A young woman who was lately brought before the police courts in New York, as a professional beggar, was discovered to be an educated, well-born South Carolinian.

"She had, as she supposed, 'a genius for poetry,' and left her home with only money enough to reach Baltimore, hoping to pay her way to New York and to support herself thereafter by the sale of her poems.

"She left Baltimore with a satchel full of manuscript, and two cents in her pocket. As a matter of course, she was speedily reduced to starvation and beggary.

"It would answer a good purpose if this woman's story could be held up as a warning before the countless young men and women who hope to earn literary fame, and thus secure fortune. Much-maligned

'genius' is to do all by one mighty bound, without the necessary study, without experience, and always without work. Every editor of a magazine or literary paper can testify how wide-spread is this delusion.

"A Kentucky woman sent a novel of enormous size to a publisher lately, stating that she 'expected a price for it which would buy back the estates which her family had lost during the war.' The book, as might have been expected, had not a single spark of wit or wisdom to enlighten its dullness.

"A young girl of seventeen lately wrote to the editor of one of the great New York dailies, saying that she 'would graduate in a month, and would like to secure a position as managing editor of a political paper.'

"There is not, probably, a publishing office in the country, which does not receive scores of manuscripts in the year, from authors as ignorant as these of the real work required in the field which they seek to enter.

"The best course of study for all of them to pursue would be the biographies of successful men of letters. They would then find that an apprenticeship is needed in authorship as in any other profession; that every great poet, historian, essayist, or even novelist, has been a conscientious, painstaking artist, with whose success persistence and hard work had as much to do as genius."

Friends in Syria.

A QUAKER meeting on Mount Lebanon! A veritable meeting-house among the towering cedars, famous alike in song and story! But it is even so. For several years there have been mission-schools and regular organizations of Friends among the natives of the Holy Land, though, like all the good works of this quiet denomination, the fact has been little known to the world at large.

We have been favored by Mr. Edward Scull, Superintendent of the First-day School of Twelfth Street Meeting, with a letter from Friend Eli Jones, founder of these institutions, from which we glean the following items of interest.

The Friends have ten day schools, seven for boys where a few girls attend, and three for girls. About three hundred and fifty children are instructed, both in the ordinary school studies and trades by which they will be able to support themselves, the expenses of each scholar being only five dollars a year. The writer goes on to speak of one of their teachers, whom he first saw about eleven years ago in Bethlehem at a mission-school. After her lessons for the day were recited, she would go out and read the Bible to the poor people in the streets. Thus, as child, the narrator continues, she was preaching Christ to the inhabitants of the very place in which He was born.

Friends in Syria have their discipline, just as in other lands. The teacher of the school on Mount Lebanon is a member of Brumanna monthly meeting. They have, also, a medical department connected with their mission. It is under the direction of Dr. Beshara, a native Christian, a graduate of the Protestant College at Beirut. Within the last year, more than two thousand have applied for treatment, priests and monks of the different religious orders among the number, as well as the sadly poor and afflicted. As many as forty come in a day and while waiting for their turns, Maulim Isaac, the Bible Reader, takes the opportunity to read to them.

As a well-known Friend justly remarked, the reason why many think there is so much more evil

in the world than good, is, that the bad makes more noise. We would fain believe it true. There are agencies of blessing everywhere, though operating in ways unlikely to reach the public notice, and under forms and influences different from those most generally recognized. Perhaps just this little circumstance may serve to impress this thought more fully upon some of us. And as we of Philadelphia, our beloved Quaker city, have good reason to be glad that the broad-brims and plain bonnets, covering peaceful, kindly faces, ever found their way into the unknown wilds of Pennsylvania, among savage Indians, so let us be glad that they have also gone into the neglected deserts of Syria, among the almost heathen inhabitants of that interesting country. For their entrance may be unto it and all its people, the heralding of a glad, new day.

YOUNG ladies are to be allowed hereafter all the privileges of Harvard College accorded to the other sex, excepting that instead of entering regularly the college classes, they will be regarded as private pupils of the professors. On graduation they will receive certificates instead of regular diplomas. Should the number of lady students become numerous, classes will be organized and separate lecture rooms secured. The male and female departments will thus be kept separate, but they will be under the same faculty and have the same curriculum, while the library, laboratory, museum and all the educational appliances of the University will be enjoyed in common.

Publishers' Department.

NOTICE TO CLUB-GETTERS.

Additions to clubs can be made, at the club rate, any time through the year.

One or more names can be sent in as fast as obtained, and when the club is as large as the club-getter wishes to make it, the premium to which it is entitled can be ordered.

All the subscribers in a club need not be at the same post-office.

We do not select the Butterick Patterns we offer as premiums for clubs. Club-getters have the privilege of doing so at any time during the year 1879.

HOPE AT LAST.

From official record, we learn that over sixty thousand persons die annually in the United States from pulmonary consumption. In each of these cases there was a first or incipient stage of the disease, when all the life-forces and organic structures were yet unimpaired by its encroachments. If at this time, an agent had been found which could give to the system a higher degree of vitality, and so enable it to resist the deadly assault, this perilous crisis would have been safely passed. And not this one only. In every subsequent assault of the enemy, especially where there existed some hereditary taint, a prompt resort to the same re-vitalizing agent would have given a like relief and immunity.

Did we possess such an agent, and were it to be used in every case of incipient pulmonary trouble, how many thousands and tens of thousands of lives might annually be saved!

Now it is confidently claimed, and the claim is substantiated by the results of over twelve years experience of its use, that just such an agent has been

discovered in COMPOUND OXYGEN. The case given on the cover of this number of our magazine is one of hundreds, and is far less remarkable than many which have been successfully treated by this new agent. But it is valuable, as showing how quickly Compound Oxygen restores the vital forces to their normal activity.

The administrators of this new remedy appear to have given much attention to the treatment of pulmonary affections. We find in their little book, "*The Compound Oxygen Treatment, Its Mode of Action and Results*" (which is sent free), some twenty pages devoted to the nature, incipient stages, progress and cure of consumption, a careful reading of which would give information, hints and suggestions of great value to those who are suffering from any of the early or advanced stages of this disease.

We know of no better service that we can render this large class of persons, than to induce them to send for the above-mentioned Treatise, and to read it carefully. In it we find three warning indications of the approach of consumption. They are: *First*. "Emaciation of the person, and without apparent cause. * * * Unaccountably, it seems, the individual begins to show a peculiar depression between the cheek-bone and the ear; the eye-socket deepens, the muscle leading up to the side of the neck obliquely toward the ear becomes prominent from absorption of the adipose tissue around it, and from trial there will be found a marked loss of weight." *Second*. "If this emaciation be accompanied by the *second note*, a little COUGH, which is scarcely a cough at all—a slight, insignificant hacking, which no one is inclined to notice, which is more like a 'habit,' and which he 'can easily prevent if he chooses'—the suspicion of the presence of tubercles comes by far too near a confirmation to be comfortable." *Third*. "Now be on your guard to detect the presence or the absence of the *third note* of warning. Examine carefully and critically the depressions immediately beneath the two clavicles or collar-bones. In this stage of the disease, one of the depressions will almost invariably be deeper and larger than the other." We have not space to copy a statement of the reasons for this difference in the depressions under the clavicles, when tubercles exist, but they are fully given in the Treatise to which we have referred, and which, as we have said, is sent free. Address Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia.

PROFESSOR HORSFORD'S BREAD PREPARATIONS are unsurpassed for making light bread, biscuits, cakes and pastry. The cost is about one-half that of the ordinary baking powder. If you cannot obtain it at your grocers, send a three-cent stamp to the "Rumford Chemical Works," Providence, Rhode Island, for a sample packet and cook-book, and give it a trial. "Pipsey" indorses this Bread Preparation as the best in market, and she generally knows of what she writes.

Of the many Guides, and Seed and Plant Catalogues sent out by our Seedsmen and Nurserymen, and which are doing so much to inform the people and beautify and enrich our country, none are more beautiful, none more instructive than *Vick's Floral Guide*. Its paper is the choicest, its illustrations handsome, and given by the hundred, while its Colored Plate is a gem. This work, although costing but five cents, is handsome enough for a Gift-book, or a place on the parlor table. Published by JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.